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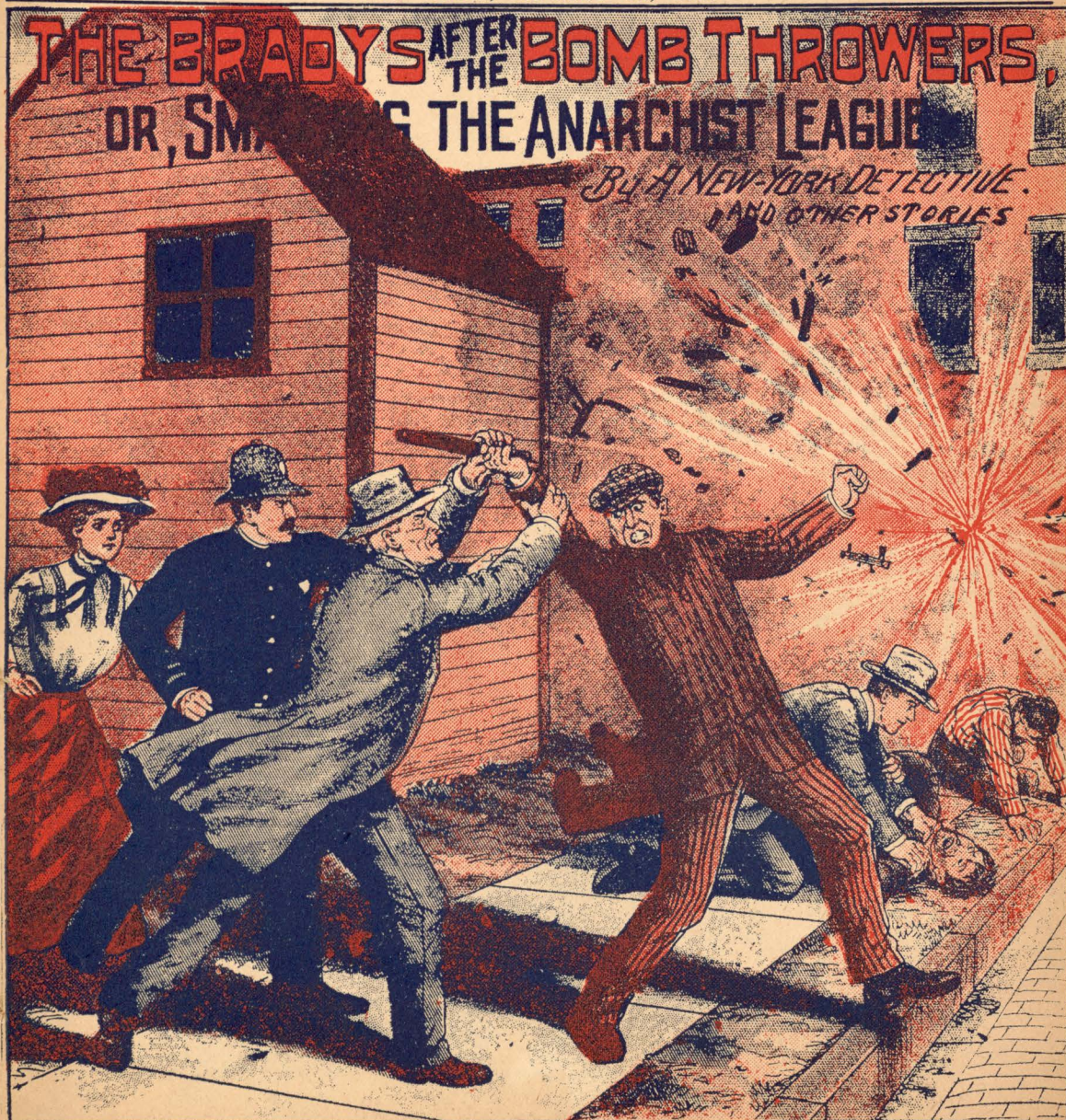
OLD AND YOUNG KING BRADY, DETECTIVES.

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No. 1283

NEW YORK, AUGUST 24, 1923

Price 7 Cents



Old King Brady seized the anarchist just as he was about to throw the bomb. Then came the explosion. It was terrific, but, fortunately for Harry, who was bending over his man, its force was expended on the other side of the building.

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SECRET SERVICE

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The Bradys After the Bomb Throwers OR, SMASHING THE ANARCHIST LEAGUE

By A NEW YORK DETECTIVE

CHAPTER I.—Lost In a Maze.

"Three Ones!"

It was the manager of the District Messenger boys who said it. A boy with 111 on his cap rose up from the "waiters' bench" in the back of the office and came forward to the desk.

"Take this letter to Bobsky & Co., No. — Milwaukee avenue," said the manager.

The letter which he handed Charley Brown, who answered to the call of the three ones, had just been handed in by a foreign looking man, who particularly requested that the messenger make all possible haste.

"Look out now! Don't run up against the anarchists again," called the manager.

It was intended for a joke, but it aroused a train of unpleasant memories in the mind of the "Three Ones," as Charley was invariably called in this office of the District Telegraph, located on Dearborn street, near Randolph, in the city of Chicago. For about three weeks before Charley had been sent in among a bunch of anarchists over in the Milwaukee avenue district. It was a meeting of those undesirable citizens, and unfortunately for Charley, the entire bunch happened to be overcharged with beer. Something the boy said displeased one of these gentlemen, and he caught Charley by the throat and slung him half the length of the room. The boy fell, and striking his head against a beer keg, cut it badly. The wound even now was not fully healed. Doubtless the office manager thought his remark very witty, but as for Charley, he found it difficult to understand just where the laugh came in.

But Charley Brown was a plucky little fellow, and no "kicker," so he silently accepted the call and went on his way. And a word about the Three Ones while he is traveling over to the anarchists' country. Charley was not an orphan, but he might just as well have been one, for his father was dead and so were three brothers and two sisters. The messenger boy was the youngest of the family, and with the exception of the mother, he alone had survived. As for Mrs. Brown, it would have been far better if she had died with the rest. For trouble drove the unfortunate woman hopelessly insane, and now for two years she had been confined in the public lunatic asylum at Kankakee, Ill.

Thus this boy, who was only seventeen, had

now for two years been thrown upon the world to shift for himself. But this should not have been, for there was a rich uncle in the family, a man reputed to be worth several millions, and who bore the unenviable reputation of being the "meanest man in Chicago." Abijah McCutcheon was his name, and the manufacture of brass goods his business. Old Cutch was Mrs. Brown's brother, but not only had he refused to do anything for the unfortunate woman, but he even went to the length of ignoring his nephew altogether. When Charley went to his uncle in the hour of trouble, the old money grubber refused to see him. He had even passed the boy on the street. Charley went on his way, and in due time came to the number on Milwaukee avenue to which he had been sent.

It proved to be a large ramshackle old frame building, in which rooms were rented out with power. There was no elevator in the building except one for freight, and on this some men were engaged in loading a heavy machine, so it was unavailable for the boy, even if the elevator man would have allowed him to ride on it, which was doubtful. Therefore Charley climbed several flights of stairs, and had just reached the top floor when there was a thunderous crack below, and the whole building shook. Charley could hear people running out of the different rooms on the floors below to see what the matter was, and some came out of the doors on the floor to which he had ascended. Among others two men came out of the room upon the door of which was Bobsky & Co.'s sign.

"What's the matter, boy?" one demanded.

"I don't know," replied Charley. "Something tumbled, I guess. I don't know what it was. Are you Bobsky & Co.?"

"That's me," said the other man.

Charley handed him the letter, and the man seized the book. Charley stood by while the man read the letter.

"Any answer?" he asked.

There was no answer, and the messenger boy started downstairs. He had descended but two flights, and had two more to go when he found his way blocked. In some way the machine had fallen off the elevator. It had gone crashing through a thin partition and lodging on the stairs, completely blocked the way. Men were trying

to grasp the situation. Charley asked one how he should get down, and he was gruffly told to "go the other way." He turned back through the dark passage and made his way towards the rear of the long building. There were doors on both sides, and in a moment he came up against another door at the other end of the passage, which cut off further advance.

There was no sign on this door, and Charley tried it, finding it open. Behind the door were two flights of stairs, one leading to the right, and the other to the left. He tried those on the right. It was as dark as a pocket, and the stairs only went down a little way, ending at a door, which was locked. Retracing his steps, he tried the other stairs. The result was the same. A door which would not open. The messenger boy thumped on it "for fair." No answer. When Charley turned the knob he found the door disposed to give. Apparently it was not locked, but there was something behind it which prevented its opening. Charley gave the door a kick. Something tumbled. It proved to be a box which had been placed against the door. A dark passage lay beyond.

"Confound the luck, I've got to get out somehow," thought the boy, and without stopping to examine the box, which he had upset, he pushed on along the passage towards a dim light ahead. Presently the passage took a turn, and around the corner came to an end. Here there was a dirty window so encrusted with cobwebs and grime that it let in but little light. Directly in front of it was a circular iron stairway going down through a square shaft.

"This is the way out, of course," thought Charley, and he hurried down the stairs.

They took him down to what he supposed to be the ground floor, and there ended. Here there were two doors opposite each other. Charley opened one and found himself looking into a yard filled with boxes and old iron. As this did not appear to offer any immediate prospect of escape, Charley shut this door and tried the other. It yielded to his touch, and he found here a passage leading, as he supposed, to the front of the building at last. He was, however, mistaken. His troubles, if he had only known it, had but just begun. This passage was the darkest the boy had struck yet. In fact he could see almost nothing and yet it never occurred to him that there was the least danger.

Nor probably would there have been under ordinary circumstances, for the passage certainly did lead to a door which opened into the front hall on the ground floor. But there was something else open that evening, however it happened, and that was a trap door, which took up nearly the entire width of the floor. And into this trap the messenger boy blindly walked. Down went poor Charley, narrowly missing a standing ladder which, had he struck against it, would surely have broken his back. He landed on his feet, but was not able to hold them. Down he went sprawling in the black mud which underlies almost all buildings in this section of Chicago when there is anything in the shape of rain around, and there had been lots of it that week.

The cellar into which he had fallen was perfectly dark. The messenger boy struck a match and saw the standing ladder. He was surely in

the cellar of the long building, but he was not out of the maze yet. For this part of the cellar was cut off by rough board partitions, forming another of those everlasting passages. It led off to the east, and it seemed to Charley that it must pass under the next building. But the ladder and the trap door seemed to offer the best avenue of escape, so thanking his lucky star that he had not broken his neck, the messenger boy, as the match went out, started up the ladder. Bang! The trap door was suddenly pulled up. There was a sharp thud; then the sound of footsteps moving away.

The case was clear. Somebody coming along through the passage, and finding the trap door open, had taken the trouble to pull it up and shoot the bolt. It was perfectly evident that no one was going to open the trap door, so there was nothing for it but to try his luck in the boarded-up passage, which he did. It was about twenty-five feet, far enough to take him in under the adjoining building, which the boy had not particularly observed. Here it ended with a door made of heavy sheet iron nailed over wood. He pounded on it vigorously, calling as he did so:

"Hey, there! Hello! I want to get out."

Suddenly there came an answering knock on the inside. Two raps, then three—then one with a brief interval between each. It sounded like a signal, as Charley thought afterward, when he also found occasion to wonder why he had been so stupid as not to think of it at the time. But he did not, and when the door was not opened he began his calling and pounding again. Then it opened! It all came so quick that the messenger boy had no time to make a move. For the door flew back, revealing a gigantic foreigner, dark and dirty, with an immense mass of hair standing up all over his head, with a tangled beard, which appeared never to have known a comb, down almost to his waist. And this giant, grabbing the luckless messenger boy by the throat, pulled him in through the iron door.

CHAPTER II.—Trying To Detect A Detective.

The United States Secret Service Commissioner in Chicago at the time of which we write was Mr. Thos. H. Fisher. So secretly did this man conduct his affairs that there were few outside of the immediate circle having dealings with him who understood what the man's business really was. One of these initiated must certainly have been the tall, elderly gentleman who, entering Mr. Fisher's offices on the very afternoon which saw Messenger Boy 111 despatched for Milwaukee avenue, passed directly into the commissioner's private room. He was decidedly a peculiar old gentleman in the matter of dress, for he wore a long blue coat with brass buttons which followed no known fashion, an old-style stock and stand-up collar, and a white felt hat with an unusually broad brim.

"Well, Mr. Brady," asked the commissioner, "how does the good work progress?"

"I may say we have made a fair beginning," was the reply.

"I am glad to hear that. We are depending upon Old King Brady to help us smash this Anarchists' League, if it really exists."

"That is just the point, Mr. Fisher, if it really exists."

"Do you still doubt it?"

"I am of an open mind in the matter. The blind testimony of that wretched, beer-sodden informer whom you have locked in seems to me more than questionable. He has told three or four different stories; some of the names and addresses he has given prove to be fictitious. Still it is a fact that this man Joe Zin he speaks of, or to give him his true name, Zinovsky, is a real character, and does attend anarchistic meetings. But Harry is on the job, and as for myself and Alice, there is nothing for us to do but to wait a day or two and see what points the boy is able to pick up."

This, then, was the world-famous Old King Brady! No one else! The "Harry" alluded to was his former pupil and present associate. That "Alice" refers to the well-known female sleuth, Miss Alice Montgomery, we need scarcely say.

"Do you need any help? That is the question," Mr. Fisher now asked.

"Why, no," replied the old detective, "unless I could get hold of a man who can speak Russian, Polish and Yiddish; all of these are sealed books to us."

"I can give you a man who can speak Russian and Yiddish, but he don't understand Polish," said Mr. Fisher then.

"Can he be perfectly trusted?" demanded Old King Brady.

"If you ask me," replied the commissioner, "I don't trust him at all. He was sent to me from Washington. I have used him in a few cases, but with no great success."

"Don't want him then. The Washington people have been fooled before; the fellow may turn out to be an anarchist himself. I prefer to rely upon your judgment. Does he know anything about this case?"

"Not a thing, as I believe; and yet——"

"Well?"

"He saw you in here yesterday, and had the impudence to ask me what case you were working on."

"Ah! You refer to that hatchet-faced fellow whom I saw in the outside office?"

"That's the man."

"What is his name?"

"Charles Rubenstein."

"And what did you tell him when he put the question?"

"That it was none of his business."

"How did he take it?"

"As his kind always do, with a grin."

For some minutes Old King Brady sat silent. Then he surprised the commissioner by suddenly saying:

"I will take that man."

"What!"

"Give me the address of that man, and I will see him this evening," said the old detective. "I am going to take the bull by the horns."

Commissioner Fisher consulted a book, and wrote on a slip of paper an address on North La Salle street. The conversation now drifted into other channels. Shortly afterwards Old King Brady left. He went directly to a noted ladies' restaurant on Dearborn street. Here he found Alice Montgomery awaiting him. The old detec-

tive did not speak, and Alice immediately came out and joined him, when he appeared in the doorway.

"Well, did you pick up any new points?" she demanded.

"You know I told you from the first that there has been, as I believe, someone in the Secret Service office working against me, Alice. That you and I have been persistently shadowed ever since we struck Chicago there can be no sort of doubt. Harry seems to think that it is not so with him, but that is only because he has kept away from us. I have an idea that I now know who the informer is."

"And who?"

Old King Brady repeated what Commissioner Fisher had told him about the man Charles Rubenstein.

"It hardly seems possible," said Alice. "The Washington people scarcely could make such a mistake."

"I don't know. They have been mistaken before, and, as I happen to know, there has been a leak in more than one case undertaken against anarchists of late. I am going to give this man full swing, and see where he will lead me."

"Lead us, Mr. Brady. With Harry working on the outside, I feel that I ought to stand by you."

"Which you don't have to do. This is dangerous business. I had sooner think of you safely at the hotel."

"Where are you going?"

"To the rooms of this man Rubenstein."

"Then let us go together." They went.

The place turned out to be an ordinary furnished room house, of which there are hundreds in Chicago. Old King Brady rang the bell and inquired for Mr. Rubenstein.

"Not in," said the woman who appeared in answer.

"You are the landlady?"

"Yes."

"You know Mr. Rubenstein's business, I suppose?"

"Yes, he is a detective."

"Here are two more," replied Old King Brady, displaying his shield. "With your permission, madam, we will go up to Mr. Rubenstein's room and wait for him."

The sight of the Secret Service shield satisfied any scruples the woman might otherwise have had, and she told Old King Brady which room to go to. It was on the top floor, and when the detectives got up there they did not wonder that no objection had been raised. It was just a dusty little hall bedroom, with nothing in it but the usual furniture, a few old clothes in a closet and in the bureau drawers. Closing the door, Old King Brady hastily ran over all the Secret Service man's few belongings.

"This room is only a bluff," he said. "I greatly doubt if Brother Rubenstein really lives here."

The old detective now got down on his hands and knees and began feeling about the carpet. Alice understood and lent her aid. They were looking for concealed papers. They pulled the bureau out, and then moved the bed.

"Here we are!" exclaimed Alice. "This corner of the carpet is loose, and one of the floor boards under it has been sawed through."

"Can you pull it up?" demanded the old detective.

"I am trying," replied Alice, "but it don't seem to come very easy."

And as she spoke someone suddenly tried the door.

"Quick!" breathed the old detective. "Back with the bed. Not a sound! It is Rubenstein himself, surest thing!"

CHAPTER III.—Further Adventures of the Three Ones.

Poor Charley Brown, the messenger boy, was struck all in a heap, as the saying is and no wonder. For this ugly, hairy giant was no stranger. The man, in short, was none other than the same individual who had so nearly been Charley's finish before. He had been drunk on that occasion, and he was drunk now. His face was red and swollen, and as he gave Charley a fling which sent him sprawling on the floor, the fellow staggered and fell back into a chair, letting out a perfect torrent of thick, unintelligible words.

Charley staggered to his feet, for the giant did not attempt to move. With a roar of drunken rage the giant sprang up, and again grabbing Charley by the throat, he held him firmly by the left hand, while with his right he opened the door of a large closet, in which there were boxes, tin cans, demijohns and other things. With another of his terrible flings the giant sent Charley inside, and immediately locked the door upon him. Then, as the boy fell sprawling on the boxes, he could hear the supposed anarchist leaving the room; a door slammed, and all was still.

The closet, as we have said, was a large one, and what was more, there were two sizable holes bored in the panels of the door, which admitted plenty of air, and the light of a hanging lamp burning in the room came in, too. Charley got on a box and peered through one of these holes. The room was quite a sizable affair, being enclosed on all sides by rough boards. Along the south side ran a workbench, littered with tools. There were many pieces of gas pipe on this bench. Naturally Charley thought of bombs. The horrible suspicion that he might be standing on a box of dynamite came to Charley, and he promptly got down. Crouching, he examined the box more closely. It would seem as if his suspicions were confirmed, for the box was labelled, "Dynamite. Handle with the greatest care." A cold sweat started out all over the luckless messenger boy. He felt that his situation was too horrible to be borne. But what could he do?

At last a door was heard opening, and the tramp of feet came, too. Very gingerly he climbed on the dynamite box. He had been sitting on it right along! Three men had now come into the workshop. Two were typical Milwaukee avenue foreigners. The third was a younger man, and much Americanized. They were chattering away between themselves, but what the language was Charley could not make out. But he was determined to get out of that horrible closet, even if they killed him, so he instantly called through the hole:

"Say, mister! Hey, boss! For heaven's sake let me out of here!"

If a bomb had been exploded in their midst the men could not have been more surprised. Then the young man made a dive for the closet door, and turned the key. Out stepped a messenger boy, white with fear. One of the others made a grab for him, but the young man shoved him back, saying something which was all too much for Charley, to whom he immediately began talking in English.

"How in thunder did you come to be in that closet?" he demanded as a starter.

"It was all a mistake."

"Out with it—quick."

"Well, say, give a feller a chance to speak, will you? I was sent with a message to Bobsky & Co., next door. The stairs were blocked, and I couldn't get down. I lost my way in the building. Then I had to go and tumble through a trap door. Somebody locked it on me. I came through a passage and knocked on a door. A big giant of a fellow, with a beautiful load on, caught me and dragged me in here. Then he locked me in this closet, and there I've been sitting on the dynamite ever since. Say, boss, for heaven's sake let me out of here, and I'll never breathe one word of what I've seen."

"I don't know whether you have told the truth or not, but you don't get out of this snap so easy. You have seen things here which will get us into trouble if you talk."

"But I never meant to come in here. Ask the man who pulled me in, if you don't believe me."

"I can't do that. He has gone away. Besides, he was drunk. I know that much. Wouldn't believe him, anyhow."

"What can I say or do? I don't want to get into no worse trouble. Honest, I'll keep my mouth shut, mister, if you will let me go."

"There is only one way in which you can get out of this snap. We want a boy to do something for us to-night, and I think you will about fill the bill. If you will go with us and do just as you are told, we will let you out of your trouble after it is all over."

This seemed rather an odd way of putting it, but Charley was in that frame of mind that he was ready to jump at any straw.

"All right. Try me," he replied.

The young man looked pleased.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"Charley Brown."

"Where do you live?"

"Over on the West Side. Fulton street, near May."

"Do you live with your folks?"

"I haven't any folks. I just have a room there."

"You come with me," said the young man. "You can call me Tom. Come on, now. Behave yourself, and stick close to me, and not only will you get out of your trouble in the end, but you may get out with a good fat wad, so you won't have to be a messenger boy any longer—see?"

Tom then opened the inner door, and bidding Charley follow him, led the way through a short passage, up a long flight of stairs, and then unlocking a door, ushered him into a large room where there were several beds. The room appeared to be on the top floor of a tall building.

Charley could see the chimneys of lower houses out of the windows. There was another door, which Tom now opened. Instantly a big Dane dog sprang up and began barking, straining at the chain by which it was secured.

"You see what you will go up against if you try to escape," said Tom. "Now then, lie down and go to sleep until you are wanted."

With that he shut the door upon the dog and retreated through the other, leaving Charley alone in the room with no other light but the moon.

Charley examined the door through which Tom had vanished. It had neither lock nor knob, and appeared to be controlled by some secret spring. There seemed nothing for it but to obey orders, so Charley lay down upon one of the beds without removing his clothes. But not to sleep!

What was coming next was the question. It was at least two hours before it came. Probably Charley was in a sort of half doze then, for he did not hear Tom enter the room. The first he knew the young man was standing beside his bed.

"Wake up!" he said.

"I'm awake," replied Charley, sitting up on the bed.

Tom lighted a lamp, went to a closet and took out a suit of boy's clothes.

"You want to take off your uniform and put these on," he said.

Charley was soon dressed in the clothes Tom brought, and then Tom opened the door. Charley was then led down three flights of stairs and out into an alley by a side door. Tom tied a handkerchief over Charley's eyes, and led him forward. They passed out of the alley, crossed the sidewalk and stopped.

"Here's a wagon, and you have to get in," said Tom. "Let me give you a boost."

Charley was lifted into the wagon, and Tom following, removed the bandage from his eyes. It was a covered wagon, and a rude bench had been placed in the back for a seat. There were two men on the front seat. Charley could not see their faces, for they kept their backs turned. Immediately the wagon started.

CHAPTER IV.—Alice Proves the Existence of the "Anarchists' League."

Old King Brady and Alice were certainly caught at the wrong moment. Had they been given ten seconds more the secret of that hole in the floor would have been revealed. Very softly Old King Brady lifted the bed back into place, and then unlocked the door. And, sure enough, the man Rubenstein stood outside.

"Well, Mr. Brady!" he exclaimed. "Miss Montgomery, too! Well, well! What about this?"

"Ha! Mr. Rubenstein! I beg your pardon for locking your own door against you," said Old King Brady, extending his hand. "Mr. Fisher gave me your address. I wanted to confer with you about the Secret Service case we are working on. The landlady told us to come right up. We have been waiting for you, and as Miss Montgomery and I had some private matters to discuss, I took the liberty of locking the door."

"So!" said the Secret Service man.

"Sit down. Make yourselves as comfortable as you can in my poor room," he said. "I'll sit on the bed. Never had the pleasure of meeting you before Mr. Brady, but, of course, I know you by sight, and Miss Montgomery, too."

"Of course, you don't know what case I am working on, Mr. Rubenstein," began the old detective, "so I will tell you that we were sent out here to Chicago to look up a league of anarchists and bomb throwers, which the Secret Service people imagine has been formed here. We have been at it for a week, but have met with no particular success. It seems to me that what we need is a man who speaks Russian and Yiddish. I have obtained the address of several anarchist holdouts. It will be easy enough for us to get into these places in disguise, but what will that amount to when neither of us understands one word of these languages?"

"Nothing," replied Rubenstein. "Nothing at all."

"So I say, and so I told Mr. Fisher. He suggested you, said you could speak both Russian and Yiddish. He thought you would be just the man to help us out. Said you were not doing any special work just now. That is why we are here."

"I see. And are these orders? Am I to take hold and work with you?"

"Yes. The matter is entirely in my hands. Mr. Fisher will confirm what I say in the morning."

"I see. Well, Mr. Brady, you certainly have come to the right man. I almost wonder that the Washington people did not give me the case. That's what I was hired for, and sent here to look into the anarchist question. My orders have been to report direct to the chief, and that is why Fisher doesn't know more about it. I will telephone Washington in the morning, and if I get orders to work with you then I am your man."

It sounded straight. This was just what Rubenstein should have done. And yet as he looked the man over, Old King Brady could not help feeling impressed that Mr. Fisher was quite right, and that he was a person to be distrusted.

"Where can I communicate with you?" he asked the old detective.

"At the Sherman House, any time you name. Call me up and make an appointment."

"Very well. Anyhow I'll call around to-morrow evening, say about seven o'clock."

"Come at six and have supper with us."

"Very well, I shall be pleased to do so."

The detectives left the house. Alice observed that Old King Brady put the catch of the night latch back.

"Are you thinking of making another try under the bed?" she asked when they got down the steps.

"Yes, if he comes out," replied the old detective.

"Mr. Brady, I take no stock in that man."

"Nor do I. He is surely a crook. I can't imagine what the Secret Service people can be thinking of to employ such a man."

As he said it, Old King Brady turned into an alley.

"What's this for?" demanded Alice.

"To watch that door," was the reply. "I think we shall see our man. If so, I go on the shadow,

and you slip in there and see what good work you can do under the bed."

"I am ready," replied Alice, promptly. "Only give me the chance."

They stood in silence for some minutes, nothing happening. Suddenly the old detective nudged Alice's arm.

"Here he comes. On the job, Alice, and I go on the trail."

It was Detective Rubenstein coming out of the house. He pulled the door shut after him, and running down the steps, hurried up the street. Alice lost no time in getting back to the house. It was a matter which required the greatest caution.

Cautiously Alice tried the door. It was as she hoped—on the latch. She glided in, cautiously, closed it after her, and slipped upstairs. Here, as she had rather expected, she found her way barred.

Detective Rubenstein had taken the precaution to lock the door behind him, and had carried away the key. Alice listened, but could hear no one stirring. She got out her bunch of skeleton keys and easily opened the door. This time she did not dare to light the lamp, for fear of detection, so she was obliged to depend upon her flashlight. This served her purpose well enough, and moving away the bed, she got busy with the sawed floor board. It was easily managed. All she had to do was to stick a knife into the board and pull the sawed-off piece up. Flashing her light into the space between the door beams, Alice saw a large leather wallet lying there. She took it out, and opening it, found that it was stuffed with paper.

"Take nothing away with you unless you have to," had been Old King Brady's positive order.

So Alice began opening the papers. She had not looked at more than three of them before she saw that the contents of the wallet was sure to prove of the utmost importance. So she stowed it away in one of her secret pockets, closed the hole, pushed the bed back into place, and was just about to depart when suddenly the door was thrown open and in came the landlady. She caught at Alice's arm and began to scream. It was no time to argue.

Alice knew how to handle a case like this as well as a man. She shook herself free, caught the landlady by the shoulders and thrust her into the room, for they were in the hall now. Quick as thought she closed the door on her and ran downstairs.

"Help! Thieves! Murder!" screamed the landlady behind her.

Alice expected to be chased as she darted down the steps. If there was any following it did not come her way. But Alice did not feel safe until she got to North Clark street, where she took a car and went direct to the Sherman House.

"Too bad," she thought. "I am afraid I have spoiled everything, but it can't be helped now."

She went up to her room and started in to examine the contents of the wallet at her leisure. The papers were all written in German.

Alice had not proceeded far with them before she saw that she had not only made a great discovery, but had made no mistake in bringing them away with her. For the papers were nothing

more nor less than the records of anarchist meetings. They were the secretary's records. What was more, Charles Rubenstein was the secretary. And the organization whose minutes he had here recorded was styled the "Anarchists' League!"

CHAPTER V.—Down the Well.

And thus, in the most unexpected fashion, right within the Chicago Secret Service office itself, so to speak, the Bradys had stumbled upon a real clew to the mystery of the anarchists's league. But Old King Brady was to stumble upon something else, not so pleasant, before the evening was over, as will soon be shown.

If Rubenstein suspected the presence of the old detective behind him, he betrayed it by no sign, for he pushed straight on until he came to an alley. Then making a sudden dive into it, he disappeared.

Old King Brady slipped into the alley and walked to its end. Behind was a shallow yard, in which was a quantity of old iron. A power shaft extended from the Milwaukee avenue building into the one alongside the alley. In short, the place was none other than the yard into which Charley Brown had looked into just before he fell through the trap door. Old King Brady stood looking around. He was well disguised. But he was shadowing a Secret Service detective, and he could not place too much confidence in his disguise. No one was visible that he could discover. Question now was into which of the factory buildings the man had gone.

Old King Brady tried Charley's door first and found it unfastened.

"Probably he went this way," he thought. "Is there anything in it for me to follow him further? It is hard to tell."

He stood debating the matter for a moment, and then determined to explore the lower part of the building at all events. He followed the same passage which Charley took, and came upon the trap door. It hung down open, and a light from an ordinary lantern, which was suspended from a hook, burned below, enabling him to see all plainly. He bent down, and pulling up the trap door, removed the bolt from its socket and put it in his pocket. Having taken this precaution against being locked in, the old detective cautiously descended the ladder. He saw at once that the passage into which he had now come led through under the adjoining building, and the lantern shed sufficient light to show him the door at the other end.

Old King Brady pushed on to the door. Here he put his ear against it, and stood listening. Behind the door he could hear men's voices talking in some foreign language. He now was able to identify Rubenstein's voice, and he heard his own name spoken several times. There seemed to be several men in the room.

Old King Brady concluded to beat a retreat, feeling that he had heard and seen enough to give him a good start.

"I'll wait until to-morrow night, and then play him on his own lines," he thought, and he turned to leave the place.

The passage did not run straight to the ladder. One had to turn a corner before coming to that. And around that corner sharp eyes had been watching the old detective as he stood there by the door. Thus he was taken wholly by surprise when just as he made the turn two men wearing ordinary pocket handkerchiefs over the lower part of their faces suddenly sprang upon him and laid him out with their fists. It was all so unexpected that Old King Brady was taken entirely unawares, and was flat on his back before he knew it.

"Who was you den? Vy you coming spy here?" demanded one as the other covered the old detective with a cocked revolver.

"Hold on! Don't shoot!" cried Old King Brady. "I was only trying to find my way out of this building."

"You lie!" cried the man. "Why for you come in? So you make me belief not dat! Shoot him so he moves—see!"

He bent down and pulled aside the lapel of Old King Brady's coat, while the other pressed the revolver close to his forehead. And the detective's Secret Service shield was revealed.

The pair now spoke rapidly in some language which Old King Brady was not able to identify. Then the man who had done the talking hurried off along the passage. Less than five minutes passed when the man returned with three others, and one of them was Detective Rubenstein. Old King Brady saw at once that he was recognized, and that any attempt to conceal his identity would be useless.

"Yes, he is a detective, and I know him," he said in English. "He is Old King Brady."

There was a general murmur of interest, and all hands began jabbering in German. Presently a whistle sounded.

"Get up!" said one of the men.

Old King Brady got on his feet. Three revolvers were in evidence now.

"Walk ahead!" ordered the man. "Walk quick."

At the same time the lantern was extinguished. Old King Brady felt that he had run up against bad business, but there was nothing for it but to walk on. He had not gone more than three yards before he suddenly found himself treading on nothing!

Old King Brady had walked into a hole, and now a trap door dropped heavily over his head. As he fell, the old detective stretched out his hands, and these suddenly came in contact with the rungs of a ladder. He missed the first one, but he clutched the second, and held on with a death grip. Then as he was able to pull himself together, Old King Brady got his feet on a lower round. He was saved!

He could hear the piston of some big pump working.

Old King Brady knew by this and by the dampness that the intention had been to drown him in a deep well. The old detective now got out his electric searchlight and proceeded to take stock of his situation, so to speak. He could see the water about twenty feet below him, and he saw upon raising his eyes that he had fallen about an equal distance. He now climbed the ladder and came up under the trap door. But no exertion on his part was sufficient to raise it.

For a long time, nearly an hour, Old King Brady clung to that ladder. But not continually in one place. Later, when he had gone down to the water, he suddenly saw light flashed upon it. The trap door had been raised. Someone was flashing an electric lamp down into the well.

Old King Brady could just get a glimpse of the man's face, but he could not distinguish his features. Thus it came as a vast and unspeakable relief when Old King Brady heard a familiar voice exclaim:

"Governor! I see you! Come on up, quick!"

"Great heavens! It's the boy!" gasped Old King Brady, and up the ladder he went.

For the voice was that of his partner, Young King Brady! That was the time when Harry was on the job, even if his coming had been somewhat delayed. Needless to say, Old King Brady lost not a second in getting up that ladder.

"Good heavens, Governor," the younger detective exclaimed, in a hurried whisper. "What a terrible fright I have had. I was away for a while and when I came back they told me they had caught Old King Brady spying here, and had drowned him in the well. And then the wait I had to put in before I could make a move! It was maddening. I have only just now been able to get here. How in the world did you ever manage to escape?"

The old detective explained what had happened. "It is heaven's mercy that your life has been spared," said Harry, earnestly.

"But you must instantly get out of this place," he added. "There is work to do, and that to-night. The Anarchists's League is no myth, as you imagined it might be, but a stern reality. I am right in with the gang now."

"Do they meet here?" inquired the old detective.

"Yes. But it is no place for you. Who do you suppose is one of the officers?"

"A Secret Service detective named Rubenstein."

"That's right! He had a hand in your supposed death, too. But we must not talk here. Let us light out. I may be able to talk in a minute or so when I get you on the street. Hope so, anyhow, for I have work for you to do."

"In what line?"

"Why, our line, of course. I'll tell you when we get outside. Follow me, quick!"

They ascended through the trap door and passed on into the alley. Here for several moments they stood in whispered conversation.

"Well, I'll go there," Old King Brady said as they parted; "but don't you think, Harry, you better ring off and come with me?"

"No; not if we are to get these bomb throwers—and that is what we are after, I suppose."

CHAPTER VI.—Old Cutch Gets a Tip.

Charley Brown knew his Chicago as well as a properly trained district messenger boy should. He soon discovered that the ride promised to be a long one. At last they pulled in, and one, turning back, said to Tom:

"We can get a drink here. Friend of ours, who keeps open all night on the quiet. Go on in with Kratz and get your beer. You can bring a bottle out to me."

"No," replied Tom in English, as he had been addressed. "I want no beer. Go on yourself. If I begin drinking I shall keep it right up, and I don't want to do that."

"Well, I'll go then," said the anarchist.

"Go," replied Tom.

They had no sooner gone when Tom seized the opportunity to talk to Charley.

"Look here, my boy," he said, hurriedly. "Now is my time to talk to you. You understand what sort of a bunch you are up against, I suppose?"

"Well, I don't know," faltered Charley.

What he did not understand was what kind of an answer was expected from him.

"Oh, you needn't be afraid to talk to me," replied Tom. "Listen, now! I must speak quick, for those fellows are liable to get back in a hurry. They are anarchists; bomb throwers. A bad bunch."

"But—but aren't you one of them?" faltered Charley.

"Sure, but I don't stand for all they do," was the reply. "I don't stand for what they propose doing to-night. They mean to kill you in the end, and don't you forget it. I want you to escape."

"Then why not let me get out of the wagon now and beat it?"

"No; I can't do that. I should get killed myself if I did. Listen! You do just exactly as you are told up to a certain point, but when you get into the house where we are going to steer you, instead of opening the door, as you will be told to do in order to let us in, you go into the different bedrooms. In one you will find an old man asleep. You want to wake him up and say—"

"Gee, boss! He may shoot me if I do that!"

"Very likely he will try to," replied Tom, coolly, "but you must look out for him—that's all. Get him awake somehow, and say to him that the bomb throwers who wrote the threatening letter are outside and after him. That he must escape by the back way, and get over to his factory just as quick as ever he can, for the bomb throwers intend to wreck it when the night watchman comes off duty at halfpast five. Do you follow me? Do you understand?"

"Yes, but what's the man's name, and where is his factory?"

Before Tom could reply to this the two anarchists came alongside the wagon, so nothing more was said. The men climbed in, and the journey was resumed. At last, when they were a long way out, the man who was driving suddenly turned into a narrow street which ran between two factories. Here they all got out, and the man whom Tom had addressed as Joe took from under the seat a little grip, which he patted lightly with his hand.

"These are the boys that will do the business," he said in English.

"Look out," replied Tom. "They may go off by accident, and do the business for us first thing you know."

They now hurried back to the avenue; went nearly the length of the block, struck across lots and came to a place where a row of ten new dwelling houses stood on a side street. Adjoining these ten were ten others partly finished. They stood alone in the lots with no other houses near. Evidently somebody was trying to start a new

neighborhood here. The place was as lonely a one as could be found anywhere around Chicago.

"Well, here we are," said Joe, "and there don't seem to be anybody around."

"Don't stop to talk about it," replied Tom. "We want to run the boy in as quick as ever we can."

"Yes, if he will fit," chuckled Joe. "I don't know whether he will or not. Nobody but a boy as small as him could do it anyway."

"Try it on," said Tom. "Try it on, and let's be quick."

They entered the new house next to the finished row, going in by the basement way. Here Joe produced an electric flashlight. They climbed to the top floor by means of the ladders they found in the place. The bag of bombs had been left in the basement, much to Charley's relief. Reaching the tops floor, Tom pulled up the ladder after him and placed it against the wall of the finished building.

"Now go ahead, Joe. You know the ropes and I don't," he said.

Joe climbed the ladder, flashed his light about, and then descended.

"Talk to the boy," he said in the broken English he had used all through. "You can make him understand better than I can."

"Now looker here, bub," said Tom. "You go up that ladder and crawl in under the roof of the next house—see? You have got the flashlight I gave you. Use it. Find the scuttle hole. The scuttle itself is nailed down. Then you want to get down into the house, go downstairs and open the front door to let us in. Understand?"

"Sure," replied Charley. "But suppose I run up against somebody? What then?"

"You won't," said Tom. "There isn't a chance in a thousand. The only person in that house is an old man, and he sleeps sound. He don't even keep a servant, he is so mean."

Charley thought of his uncle. This was just the way "Old Cutch" lived. Just where his uncle was living then the messenger boy did not know, but a startling suspicion came into his mind as he heard this. For Mr. McCutcheon, as well as manufacturing brass goods, also built houses and sold them. Charley skinned up the ladder, with Tom behind him, Joe having reported everything all right.

"Remember what I told you now," breathed Tom. "You want to get that old man out of there, and do it by the back. You want to be quick about it, too. Understand? Get out your light. Flash it under the roof so you can see where you are going," he added aloud.

Tom obeyed and crawled in under the roof.

"Look out you don't fall through the ceiling," Tom called after him, and it ended there.

Charley crawled on. He saw the scuttle hole ahead of him. It was not boarded up to the roof on the sides as some are. When he got to it he found that the space between the frame around the opening and the roof beams was so narrow that no one but a slim boy like himself could possibly have crawled through. But Charley did it. Turning, he thrust his legs through the opening, got them on the ladder and descended. He expected to find a door at the foot of the ladder, but it had not yet been put in place. Flashing his light about, Charley saw that there were no

doors anywhere. This top floor had not been fully finished, nor was it furnished. It seemed as if the bomb throwers must have known this, for nothing was said about the way being blocked by a door. And now came the dangerous part of the messenger boy's undertaking.

But Charley had no notion of holding back. He descended to the floor below. Here the house had been finished off. The back chamber contained a number of trunks and boxes, but no other furnishing. The hall bedrooms were empty; the door of the front chamber was shut, and when Charley softly tried it he found it locked. Probably this was where the sleeper was. Could it be his uncle? It was certainly very possible that the builder of these houses was Old Cutch. Charley went into the back room again and flashed his light upon the boxes. Sure enough, several of them were marked.

"A. McCutcheon."

Some bore the address at which the messenger boy was now. One was addressed to the place where the miserly old fellow had been living last time Charley knew anything about him.

"It's Uncle 'Bijah' surest thing," thought Charley. "Well, I suppose he won't kill me if I can make him understand who I am."

He sneaked into the hall bedroom and looked through the window. There were Tom and the two anarchists standing on the sidewalk watching the house, waiting for the boy to open the door. Joe held in his hand the little grip which was supposed to contain the dynamite bombs.

"It is now or never," thought Charley. "I must try to make the old man understand somehow."

But his heart almost failed him as he thought of the rough treatment he had received at his uncle's hands. It was back into the hall then, and Charley knocked sharply on the locked door. Evidently Old Cutch was a heavy sleeper. Charley had to knock several times before there was any movement behind that door. Then he heard someone stirring.

"Who's there?" a voice called.

It was a tremulous voice, too. Charley could not recognize it as his uncle's voice, but this was not strange, seeing that he was scarcely acquainted with the old man. But assuming that he had made no mistake he put his mouth to the keyhole and called:

"Uncle 'Bijah! It is I—Charley Brown! I've come to warn you! There are bomb throwers outside! You want to get right up! They are after you! I shouldn't wonder if they meant to blow up the house!"

In answer, there came a strange cry, half of rage, half of terror, and then Charley could hear someone walking about in bare feet. The steps approached the door.

"You can't fool me!" a voice called. "Get out of my house, you infernal thief! I'm going to fire now right through the door!"

And shoot he did. There was a sharp report and the ball came crashing through the panel. Charley jumped aside just in time.

"The old fool!" he thought. "He will block his own game! What on earth am I to do?"

He did nothing but wait, and that proved to be the very best thing he could have done. Hearing no sound the man behind the door got anxious.

Presently Charlie heard the key softly turn, and the door opened a mere crack. Charley realized what was coming and did a bright thing. He turned Tom's flashlight upon his own face.

"Well! Charley!" gasped Old Cutch, for the man behind the door was no one else.

"You want to come out of there, Uncle 'Bijah, and you want to get a move on quick!" cried Charley. "I'm giving it to you straight! The bomb throwers are after you!"

CHAPTER VII.—Is This the Bomb Throwers' Work?

When Old King Brady got away from Harry he made all haste back to the Sherman House, where he found Alice up and waiting for him. It was then almost ten o'clock. From his manner no one would have guessed what a strenuous experience the old detective had just been through.

"Well," he quietly asked, "and what luck did you have?"

"Great!" replied Alice, "but I came very near getting into trouble. All the same I got away with the goods. I hope you won't mind, Mr. Brady. I know your idea was for me not to take them, but I simply had to, for they were too valuable to be left behind."

"That's all right. As things have turned out it makes no difference. Was it trouble with the people in the house? I happen to know that Rubenstein did not turn back."

"With the landlady, yes. She caught me in the room and put up a big holler, but I managed to get away from her, just the same."

"And you found—what?"

"Why, Mr. Brady, the papers in that wallet are simply the secretary's records of the Anarchists' League. It really exists. There can no longer be any doubt on that score."

"Ha! Good! Well, there is no doubt, as you say. I have proved that. The Anarchists' League is real. I ought to know, for I have been up against it with a vengeance. Fortunately, Harry was on the job. Otherwise I should not be here now."

"Good! I am so glad you have seen Harry!" cried Alice, her face lighting up.

"The boy is certainly getting there," Old King Brady said to himself. "I believe Alice is growing fonder of Harry every day."

There had been some doubts on that score, so far as Alice was concerned, but none on Harry's part. For Young King Brady has long been deeply in love with his talented partner. If Alice would have listened and been willing to give up business there would have been a wedding in the Brady Detective Bureau long ago. Old King Brady now went on to tell of his own adventures.

"A close shave!" exclaimed Alice. "But what did Harry have to say?"

"A great deal. It seems that the Anarchists' League have got it in for Abijah McCutcheon, better known as Old Cutch, who has been having trouble with the employees of his brass factory of late. That's where Harry has been working, you know. They intend to-night to break into the old man's house and carry him off, holding him

until he comes down with a big, fat ransom. They mean also to wreck a lot of houses he has been building away out in North Chicago, but Harry hopes to prevent that. They have got a district messenger boy, who they intend to use to help them out in their scheme. Harry intends to fix it with the boy, so that he will warn the old man and get him out in time. He wants us to be on hand to meet him and to take the matter of saving the factory up with him. I have promised to do so, and that is where we are booked for to-night, or rather early to-morrow morning, for they don't propose to pull the job off before three o'clock."

"Why not notify the police and arrest these men?"

"Harry does not want it so. There are only two of them. He thinks it will spoil our chance of smashing the Anarchists' League if we do that, and I guess he is right; anyhow, I shall abide by his judgment and do just as he says. But now to examine your find. What language are these minutes in?"

"German."

"Good! Read them to me, please."

And Alice read the papers through. They were less valuable in Old King Brady's eyes than in hers. The old detective pointed out to her that while the minutes mentioned dynamite outrages in many cities, recorded the selling of bombs to Black Hand Italians and other desperate people, still no names were mentioned, except that of Rubenstein, who signed as secretary, and in other particulars the papers were too vague to be of much real use. Nevertheless, they fully proved the existence of an organized band of bomb makers and bomb throwers, known as the Anarchists' League.

"Is that place where you were their principal holdout?" inquired Alice.

"Harry says not," was the reply. "He considers it only the factory. He is sure that they have a meeting place elsewhere, and that is what we want to get at. If we can catch them at their plottings it will be the whole thing. Harry says their talk is all in German, although there are both Poles and Russians among them; so if he can only work in at one of these meetings he expects to be able to gather evidence which will hold in court and so convict the whole bunch."

Old King Brady and Alice discussed the situation further. After that both lay down to snatch a little sleep. By two o'clock they were on the move, and three found them in the immediate neighborhood of Old Cutch's new houses. Harry had been able only to give the address, but the row was readily recognizable. Knowing that the owner lived in the first finished house from the newer buildings, Old King Brady and Alice got in behind the fence which faced vacant lots, and waited. The old detective thought it best to come out by the electric cars, lest a cab in the neighborhood at that time of night might attract too much attention and thus interfere with Harry's plans, which, after all, were very imperfectly matured. There was no one in evidence that they could see and Old Cutch's house was quite dark.

"You stay here, Alice, and I'll sneak around and get a look at the front," the old detective said.

"All right," replied Alice. "What time is it?"

Old King Brady consulted his watch and an-

nounced that it was twenty minutes past three. "We are late," he said. "This comes of waiting so long for that car. Remain where you are now. I'll be back right away."

He hurried past the new buildings, nearly breaking his neck over the piles of rubbish. He was back in a minute, announcing that he could see nobody.

"I am afraid we are all too late," he said. "However, we will wait here by this gate for a while. Those were the orders. We can only obey."

But they were not too late—they were just in time. For at that very minute Charley Brown and the bomb throwers were in the new building, and Charley was climbing the ladder to get in under the roof. And as this brings us back to our messenger boy, we may as well return to the inside of Old Cutch's house. The old miser was taken all aback by the sight of his nephew. For he had not for an instant believed that it actually was Charley Brown who called to him through the keyhole.

"So you catch on at last, Uncle 'Bijah!'" cried Charley. "Get into your clothes! You want to get out of this house by the back now, and that blamed quick, unless you want to be captured by anarchists and made to cough up a million more or less before you get free."

Charley could scarcely have put the case better. To part with any of his money, be it one dollar or a million, was just what the close-fisted, old brass founder did not want.

"But explain," he said. "I don't understand how you came to be here, knowing all this. You ought to have a grudge against me by rights, boy. I admit that, and yet—"

"Will you cut out the talk-thing and get ready to beat it?" cried Charley. "If you don't, I will go alone."

"Wait! Wait!" said the old man hastily. "I'll be with you in a minute. Give me time to pull on my clothes."

But Charley gave him another problem to chew on before he could close the door.

"Say, they are going to dynamite your factory!" he cried. "It's up to you to get over there and stop it. These are the same fellows who sent you that threatening letter. Get a move on, quick!"

Perhaps Old Cutch did not hear all of this.

At all events, the door slammed before Charley was through. The messenger boy got to the hall bedroom window again and looked down upon the street. Joe was walking up and down impatiently. The other anarchist appeared to be arguing with Tom, who was laying down the law.

"There will be something doing in a minute," thought Charley. "I suppose they are wondering why in thunder I don't open the door."

Two minutes later Old Cutch appeared, dressed for the street. The miser was trembling like a man with the palsy.

"Come on!" he gasped. "Let us get out of here quick? If you really have saved my life and my property, Charley, I—I'll do something handsome for you."

It seemed to cost him an effort to get the words out.

"Yes," thought Charley, with an inward sneer,

"he might give me as much as a dollar and a half. I don't want any of his old money. Same time, I don't want to see him get killed, nor lose the factory neither, with all the poor people there are depending upon it for a living."

They hurried down to the ground floor, Charley fighting the way with his electric lamp.

"We want to go out the back way and I'll tell you all when we get out," he said.

"You—you are not betraying me into trouble, boy!" panted Old Cutch. "I s'pose I haven't been as good to you as I ought. I—I don't know whether to trust you or not."

Charley caught him by the arm.

"Say! I'm tired of this!" he said. "If you don't believe me, come here and see for yourself."

He pulled the old miser into the basement and made him look through the window. The anarchists were still there.

"See 'em!" said Charley. "Those are the fellows! They mean business! There's bombs in that bag!"

"Joe Zin! My foreman in the casting shop!" gasped Old Cutch. "I never would have believed it; and yet—come! Come!"

There was no holding back now. They were out in the yard in the rear of the house in a minute.

Out through the back gate," said Charley.

He got there ahead and threw it open. There stood a tall, elderly man with a big white hat and a long blue coat, with a stylish young woman at his side.

"Good morning, Mr. McCutcheon," he said. "I am Old King Brady, the detective. I am here to help you save your factory from bomb throwers. You want to come with us without a minute's delay."

"Good!" panted the brass founder. "I—I have heard of you, Mr. Brady. I'll do anything you say. But how came you here?"

"Follow me," replied the old detective.

And as they started across lots, he turned to Charley and said:

"You are the messenger boy my friend, Tom, spoke to me about. How much have you told this gentleman? How much do you know yourself?"

The boy had been taken all aback at sight of the detective.

"Not much, boss," he replied; "and I think I have told my uncle all I know."

"Your uncle!"

"Yes, yes, he is my nephew," put in Old Cutch. "But never mind that. What is all this about, Mr. Brady? I don't understand it at all."

"It means that I am after a bunch of bomb throwers," replied Old King Brady. "I was tipped off that they would try to capture you tonight and hold you for ransom, and that at half-past five the intention is to blow up your brass factory on Lake street. I came here with this lady, who is my partner, to offer my assistance to help you head the rascals off. It is for you to accept or reject, as you please."

"I accept it most gratefully," replied Old Cutch. "We must get to the factory; but ought not those fiends, who are even now in front of my house with their bombs, according to this boy, be arrested? One of them is a rascally fellow, who is my foreman, one Joe Zinovsky. He must be at

the bottom of the whole business, and yet I have always used him well."

"He is an anarchist, so it makes no difference how well you have used him," replied Old King Brady. "His kind war against the world."

"But I can't arrest him now," he added. "It would spoil all our plans for bagging the whole bunch. Your personal danger is over, my friend."

"But my property here. I own all those houses. Some of them are occupied. When they find they can't get me they may want revenge and so destroy the houses."

"I don't think there is any danger of that," said Old King Brady.

He was relying upon what Harry had said. Unfortunately for Old Cutch's peace of mind, Young King Brady had claimed more than he was able to carry out. For the old detective had scarcely spoken when there was a tremendous report, instantly followed by another, and then came a terrific crash. All hands wheeled about when the first explosion came and they were in time to see a part of the row of unfinished houses take a tumble into the lots, carrying down half of the miser's dwelling with them.

CHAPTER VIII.—The Bradys Win Out Too Late.

Of course it need not now be said that "Tom" was none other than Young King Brady. Harry had been playing a difficult and dangerous part for days, and he had played it well. In posing as a London anarchist who spoke German, he had perfectly fooled Joe Zin and his brother anarchists, but in this case he missed his mark.

Harry relied upon the influence he had acquired over Joe Zin to prevent the destruction of Old Cutch's houses. It had failed. When moment after moment elapsed and the door was not opened by the messenger boy, the pair grew most impatient.

"The boy has either been shot by Old Cutch or he has betrayed us!" Joe declared.

"He was shot! I heard the shot fired!" added George Kratz, the other man.

Now Harry heard the shot inside the house, too, and he also feared for the boy, but Joe Zin was a little deaf and had not heard it. So the two fell to arguing over the matter, as they had been doing before this. And that was what they were about at the time Old Cutch and Charley looked out of the basement window.

"Come, let us pull out," said Harry at last. "There is something wrong, anyway. There is no use in hanging around here."

"We'll go," assented Kratz, "but, by heavens, we will leave Old Cutch something to remember us by!"

And he began to open the bag.

"I wouldn't, Joe," said Harry. "It will only spoil your own plans to kill the old man."

"So I think," assented Joe Zin.

"Then I don't, and I'm boss over you, anyhow," retorted Kratz, taking out a bomb.

"All right," said Joe. "I'm not going to argue about it."

He also took a bomb out of the bag. Harry saw that the case was hopeless.

"Am I to throw one, too?" he asked.

To his relief, Kratz's answer was:

"No; two are enough! Look out for yourself now!"

And before Harry could say another word the bombs went flying in through the open front of the unfinished house next to the one in which Old Cutch lived. The instant the deadly missiles left the hands of the bomb throwers all three dodged across the street and ran for their lives. The destruction was great, but it was confined to three houses. This the bomb throwers did not wait to look into. They got back to the alley where they had left the wagon without encountering anyone, and drove off by a way different from that in which they came.

George Kratz was furious and kept growling in German at their ill-luck. It was an immense relief to Harry to find that no suspicions were apparently entertained of him.

Joe Zin was just as grumpy. Silent at first, he at length broke out with:

"Say, George, we've made blame fools of ourselves, and in my opinion the league won't stand for it. We should have done a whole lot better if we had listened to Tom."

"Who says so? We've bowled out some of Old Cutch's money, anyhow," was the reply.

"It's no good. Mebbe we've killed the old man. As you know perfectly well that is not what was wanted. I say we are going to get called down for it, sure; 'thing you know."

"You might have got him after the factory goes up," said Harry.

"Sure thing," assented Joe. "I wish I'd listened to you now."

But Kratz stuck to his position, and the result was another of those long-winded, purposeless arguments, such as ignorant men rejoice in.

Harry let them fight it out and remained silent. "Where are you fellows going?" he finally asked, when they got down into the neighborhood of Milwaukee avenue.

"Back to the shop," said Joe.

"Well, leave me off here then."

"What's that for?"

"I'm dead tired. I'm going to the room to turn in."

"Pshaw! You won't have to work to-day nor to-morrow neither. I'll put up for you until we can strike another job. Come along with us."

"No," said Harry. "I can hardly keep my eyes open. I want to get a sleep."

They put him down on Milwaukee avenue, much to his relief, for he feared that Joe Zin would insist upon sticking to him. Using every precaution to make sure he was not being shadowed, Harry hurried south. On the way he slipped into an alley, and made such changes in his appearance as the means he had with him permitted. They were greater than might be imagined.

When Harry emerged from the alley it would have taken a sharper man than Joe Zin to have guessed he was the same person who had been with him most of the time now for over a week. This accomplished, Harry got over to Desplaines street, near Lake, with all speed. Considerable time had been lost in one way and another. The way of the bomb throwers' return from North

Chicago had been much longer than their road out, for one thing.

It was almost half-past five when Young King Brady came in sight of the factory, where he had been working and from which he had been discharged as incompetent, which he certainly was in that particular line. Morning was just dawning. A few sleepy men, whose duties called for early rising, were hurrying to their work, but nothing could be seen of Old King Brady.

Harry got into the alley which ran alongside of the brass factory. It was wider than most Chicago alleys. Old Cutch had personally attended to that, owning the property on both sides. At the corner was a low, frame building, which was used as an office. A little railroad track ran down the alley, over which small cars were crundled for convenience in loading and unloading wagons on the street. Beyond stood a wing of the big factory, and here was located the door through which the night watchman was supposed to come out after having been relieved by the day man. The anarchists entertained a particular grudge against this man and it was intended that he should die when the bombs were thrown.

Harry was fully posted as to the intentions of the bomb throwers. Joe Zin and George Kratz were not in on the deal, be it understood. The men had been chosen by lot at a meeting of the Anarchists' League. Harry did not know who they were, nor did anyone save the officers of the league and the men themselves. There was an open courtyard behind the office in which the bomb throwers were supposed to be in hiding.

Very cautiously Young King Brady peered around the corner of the little building. It was too dark to see much, however, and Harry was not able to discover anyone. He drew back and retreated to Desplaines street.

"Probably they are there," he thought, "but what can I do? Oh, if the Governor would only come!"

He got across the way and stood in the shadow of a building. Several people passed him. It was growing lighter. Harry consulted his watch. It was now half-past five. Just then a man came along on the opposite side of the street and turned in the alley. It was the day watchman, right on time.

"This is getting serious," thought Harry. "What on earth shall I do? I shall get the bombs myself if I attempt to interfere!"

And just at this moment, looking around, he saw Old King Brady and Alice heading for him, accompanied by one policeman. Old Cutch was not in evidence, nor was the messenger boy. Harry hurried to meet them.

"Well! Well!" he exclaimed. "You are here at last and high time. Did you get the old man?"

"Yes," replied Old King Brady. "We got him and the messenger boy before the explosion came, but when we got to the station Mr. McCutcheon was seized with a fit. We left him in it, with his nephew attending to him."

"His nephew!"

"Yes, the messenger boy. He is the old man's nephew, it seems. What's the word?"

"The word with you seems to be only one officer."

"Yes. The sergeant in charge doubted our

story. This man is all he would allow me. Are the bomb throwers on the job?"

"I haven't seen them, Governor, but I have no doubt they are. It is after half-past five; the day watchman has but just gone in. I have no doubt they are merely waiting for the other man to come out."

"Where are they supposed to be?" demanded the policeman.

"Behind the office," replied Harry. "The scheme is to throw one bomb at the night watchman just as he comes out, the other is to be thrown through one of the factory windows. As I explained to Mr. Brady, the intention is not to wreck the whole building, but just to do a bit of damage and kill the watchman. If we expect to accomplish anything we want to get busy right now."

But Harry did not get it quite straight, as presently will be seen. As he finished speaking he darted across the street. At the same instant there was a loud cry and a sharp explosion. A small bomb had been thrown at the watchman as he left the factory.

What Harry saw as he struck into the alley, with Old King Brady, Alice and the policeman right behind him, was the watchman on his hands and knees and a man in the act of hurling a bomb at the factory window. A second man, holding a gaspibe bomb, sprang out from behind the office as Harry dashed past.

Young King Brady got the bomb thrower by the throat and bore him to the ground. With an angry snarl the other raised the bomb, which doubtless he now meant to hurl at Harry's head.

Old King Brady seized the anarchist just as he was about to throw the bomb. Then came the explosion. It was terrific, but fortunately for Harry, who was bending over his man, its force was expended on the other side of the building. A large section of the front was blown out and a general destruction wrought inside, but the walls stood. Now all this, of course, was but the work of an instant, in spite of the time it has taken to tell it.

While Old King Brady held the anarchist, the policeman bravely wrenched the bomb from his hand. Alice whipped out a revolver and covered the man, who, seeing himself cornered, submitted to the handcuffs. He was a vile-looking proposition. As it turned out afterward he was a Russian, who had been but a month in the country and could not speak a word of English. But a month had been long enough for him to connect himself with the Anarchists' League and begin his work of murder and destruction in a free country, of whose laws and institutions he was as ignorant as he was of the language. Meanwhile a crowd began to collect.

Harry handcuffed his man and got him on his feet. Two other policemen appeared from somewhere. Old King Brady looked into the case of the watchman. He was past help—quite dead, as was also the day watchman inside the building, as was afterwards learned. Thus in a way the Bradys won out, but it was all too late!

"Can't tell," replied Harry. "He said he would when Old King Brady saw him, and that is all I know."

This talk took place at the Sherman House on the evening of the bomb-throwing day at the brass factory. Harry and Alice were expecting the messenger boy, Charley Brown. They were also expecting Old King Brady, who had been absent since four o'clock.

"Well, I can't wait long then," said Harry, consulting his watch. "I left word at the house that I should be in by seven and if Joe Zin don't find me, there is no telling what may happen. After putting in the day in that dirty bed it would be just a shame to upset everything now."

"I do wish you wouldn't go back there again, Harry. I am terribly afraid, on your account."

"Must," replied Young King Brady. "We haven't done our work yet, by any means. Our case won't end until we capture that scoundrel, Rubenstein, red-handed, and have smashed the Anarchists' League."

"And what are your plans?"

"I have no definite plan, except to entice Rubenstein into some place to be arranged for with Old King Brady, and there arrest him. That will settle his case. But we have yet to locate the league. Of course I can't be on hand when the arrest is made. The Governor will have to attend to that. Ah! Here he is now."

The door opened and Old King Brady entered. "Well, children, I am late," he said, "but not too late, I hope. Has Young Step-and-fetch-it come?"

"Not yet," replied Harry.

"And yet the manager of the district telegraph office promised to send him around the instant he came in. As I telephoned Alice, I have engaged his services indefinitely. But probably he will soon show up. They had sent him to Evanston on a call and the manager told me there might be a delay. Well, Harry, have you seen your friend, Joe Zin?"

"Yes. He woke me up about noon, but I would not go out with him. I pretended to be too tired. Promised to be on hand this evening. I must get right back. Is there anything you want to say?"

"Several things, but I can't talk them out in a hurry. In the first place, I saw Old Cutch at the hospital."

"And how is he?"

"In a serious condition. The doctors declare that his heart is all gone. The shock was too much for him. There has been a complete nervous breakdown."

"Did he know you?"

"Oh, yes, but he did not seem able to talk much. All he did while I was there was to groan over the losses he had sustained by these explosions."

"Did he show any interest in the boy?"

"None whatever, but he gave me a call-down for not having been quick enough to prevent the explosion at the factory."

"A mean, old hunk! But I must certainly be going, Governor. Now what is it you want to say?"

"Nothing that can be talked out in a hurry. What I want particularly is to inveigle Rubenstein into some place where he can be nabbed, as I told you."

CHAPTER IX.—Trying to Locate the Anarchists' League.

"Do you think he will come?"
It was Alice who spoke.

"Of course he has not shown up at Mr. Fisher's office since?"

"No, nor won't. He undoubtedly returned to the room and learned that the minutes of the Anarchists' League had been taken by Alice. That alone is enough to send him into hiding."

"Did you get Washington on the wire?"

"Oh, yes! Talked with the chief. They knew that he is an anarchist. They were using him for their own purposes. But they are through with him now and the order is to arrest him."

"Better wait till after to-night. If I can keep solid with Joe Zin there is no telling what minute I may be introduced into a meeting of the Anarchists' League. It will all be plain sailing after that. But I really must go."

"Go then," said Old King Brady. "There were other things I had to say to you, but I won't detain you since you feel as you do."

Harry immediately left.

"I wanted the boy's help the worst kind of way!" growled Old King Brady, as the door closed behind Harry, "but it was useless to ask it, under the circumstances."

"Oh, I don't know," replied Alice. "Harry might have been willing to give up his own plans if you had told him what yours were."

"No. It is important that he should take his own head; but if I only had a young man who could speak German and upon whom I could depend, I should know just what next to do."

"You have one," replied Alice quietly, and she pointed to herself.

"No, Alice!" said Old King Brady, with emphasis.

"Yes, Mr. Brady."

"I say no! It is too dangerous."

"But I insist. I have worked it before and I can work it again."

This time Old King Brady made no reply. Alice is simply perfect in male disguise and she can speak German like a native. Of course she wears her natural hair cut short. This is a necessity with a female detective who expects to successfully disguise.

"I'm going down to supper," said Old King Brady, abruptly. "I'm almost starved. You have had yours, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes; long ago."

"Well, then we will postpone further talk until I come back."

And when Old King Brady did come back there sat Alice, made up like a young man, a foreigner, and so perfectly that even the old detective could not help expressing himself strongly.

"I really believe, Alice, you are the best female disguiser in America," he said.

"Cut out that sort of talk and just tell me what there is for me to do," said Alice.

"Well, if you are determined."

"I am."

"Then let it go so. Look at these letters."

The letters were three in number. They were addressed to "Anton Schultz," at a certain number on Lake street. Two were postmarked Berlin, the third New York, and this was addressed in a different hand and was in English, while the other two were in German. Alice read all three. The German letters were from the master of some anarchists' lodge in Berlin. The first announced

that the lodge intended sending to America an English anarchist named Musgrove, on a special mission. What this mission was, was not even hinted at. The second letter stated that Henry Musgrove had started from London, and the steamer on which he sailed was named. The New York letter was signed by Henry Musgrove. It announced his arrival in New York and added that he intended to come to Chicago shortly, and that he would then call upon Schultz and make known his business.

"And where did you get these?" demanded Alice.

"The man Harry arrested is Anton Schultz," replied Old King Brady. "He denied his identity, but papers found upon him proved it. He refused his address, but these same papers gave it, and I went to his room and overhauled things. That he is an officer of the Anarchists' League I have no doubt, but the only thing of value which I discovered were these letters."

"And your scheme is to pose as Henry Musgrove?"

"Yes. Wanting to meet Rubenstein."

"No chance that the man may have arrived?"

"There is the chance, certainly, but you can see for yourself that the New York letter was received in Chicago only yesterday. The postmark tells that. It is not likely that the man has started West. It is surely my bait for Rubenstein, Alice. So certain am I that this is so that I had about made up my mind to use the messenger boy to carry a letter to Rubenstein at the saloon on Milwaukee avenue, under which we know the anarchists' workshop to be. Of course I can use another messenger boy, but if Harry could have gone it would have suited me better."

"If I can't fill so simple a bill it will be a pity," said Alice. "I don't see what you want the messenger boy for, anyway. He got himself into trouble before and he is liable to do it again. Write your letter and I'll take it along."

And to this Old King Brady assented. As clearly as he could he imitated Musgrove's handwriting. The letter was as brief as possible. It merely stated that the writer was in town; that he had learned of the arrest of Schultz; that he would like to meet some officer of the Anarchists' League; that he was to be at Steinbach's hotel on Lake street all the evening, and would remain in the next morning until ten o'clock, providing no one came during the evening. And to this the name of Henry Musgrove was signed.

"Take it along and deliver it, Alice," said Old King Brady, when he had sealed and addressed the letter.

"But I see you have addressed it to Rubenstein," said Alice. "How am I to explain that?"

"By stating that you are a friend of Schultz's. That he sent for you at the jail, and there he told you to get over to his room and wait for the coming of Henry Musgrove. You were to tell the Englishman what had happened, and that Schultz's orders were that he should write Rubenstein and you were to deliver the letter. It is the best I can do, anyhow. I can only hope that it will work out right."

"I think it will," replied Alice, "and I say again that I consider it far better that I should deliver it than the messenger boy."

"Go, and good luck attend you," said the old detective, and Alice started forthwith, leaving Old King Brady to go to Steinbach's hotel. As for Charley Brown, he had been given up. It was just as well, for the evening passed and no Charley appeared at the Sherman House, nor did he report at the district telegraph office on Dearborn street. Had Charley got himself into trouble again? Alice got over on to Milwaukee avenue. The building adjoining the big factory which has twice figured in our story was a low, two-story, frame structure, with a dirty beer saloon on the first floor. Abtsky's name was on the sign over the door, and also upon the one in the window. When Alice entered she found the place crowded with a wild-looking bunch of foreigners. As she read the appearances, this was a typical Chicago anarchists' hold-out. Not a word of English, or any other language she could understand, did Alice hear as she walked towards the bar. Here she inquired in German for Mr. Rubenstein. The bartender assured her that he knew no such man, and in the same breath inquired what she wanted.

"I have a letter for him," replied Alice.

"Who from?"

"Why should I tell you if you don't know the man?"

"Perhaps I can find someone here who does."

"If you can do that then tell him that I am here by the order of his friend, Anton Schultz."

The bartender caught at the name instantly.

"Wait," he said.

He called out something which Alice, with all her knowledge of languages, could not understand. A man with a very long beard came forward. He was a perfect giant in stature. Charley Brown would have recognized him as his old enemy, the boy slinger, for Abtsky's saloon was the very place in which Charley had first been slung. The bartender talked earnestly with the man for several minutes. At last, pulling away, he returned to Alice again.

"That man knows Rubenstein," he said. "If you want to give him the letter he will see that it is delivered."

"That won't do," replied Alice. "My orders are to deliver the letter to Mr. Rubenstein personally."

"Wait," said the bartender, and again he returned to the giant and they had another long talk.

Alice thought by the way they kept looking at her that neither of them knew exactly what to do. At last the giant opened a side door and left the place. The bartender came to Alice, and, telling her to wait, turned to serve several men who had just entered the saloon.

"Rubenstein is here," thought Alice. "That fellow has gone to see what he has to say for himself. It can be nothing else."

She waited at least fifteen minutes before the man reappeared in the saloon. This time he came in from the front, instead of by the door he had gone out of. Probably he spoke neither English nor German, for he addressed the bartender direct.

"Look here," said the beer slinger in German, "if you are willing to allow yourself to be blindfolded you can see Rubenstein. There is no other way."

"Is he in this house then?" demanded Alice.

"No, no, certainly not," was the reply. "You are not to be blindfolded here."

"Where then?"

"When you get to the place where he is, of course. But decide quick. I can't stand here keeping customers waiting. Yes, or no?"

"Yes," replied Alice.

"All right," said the bartender, "then go with that gentleman. But hold on; you will have to show your letter first. He wants to be sure you really have one."

Alice exhibited the letter. The giant examined the address. He seemed satisfied, for, beckoning to Alice, he passed out on Milwaukee avenue. And Alice followed, secretly wondering how well her disguise was going to hold water with a skilled Secret Service detective like Rubenstein.

CHAPTER X.—Charley "Up Against It" Again.

Charley was greatly disturbed by his adventure among the anarchists. What annoyed him most, however, was not to be able to stick to Old King Brady and see it through. But when his uncle went into the fit at the station it did seem that the only right thing to do was to stick by the old sinner until he came out of it. As things turned out, Charley had to stay by him until Old Cutch was landed in a hospital.

"What do you call it? What's the matter with him, anyhow?" Charley asked the house surgeon, when at last he started to leave the hospital.

"Why, it is just a general giving out of his nerves," was the reply. "He is an old man and he has had a great shock. He will probably be all right in a day or two."

And then the surgeon, who knew all about the reputation of Old Cutch, as did everybody else in Chicago, turned to the messenger boy and asked:

"Who gets his dough if he croaks? They say he's worth a pile of it and hasn't a relation in the world."

"You have got me. I am his nephew, and my mother, who is still alive, is his sister," Charley replied.

"Did he never marry, and have children?"

"Not that I heard of. I don't know much about him, anyhow."

And away he went, to think of what the surgeon had said for the balance of the day. Who would inherit his uncle's money if the old man died? Of course Charley had sometimes asked himself this question, yet it had never taken any great hold on his mind. It did now, however, and he probably would have found occasion to think of it still more if he could have overheard a conversation which occurred at the hospital over the telephone a little later. The house surgeon was called to the 'phone, and at the other end of the wire a man spoke, who announced himself as United States Secret Service Detective Rubenstein.

"I hear you have Old Cutch at your place—sick?" the detective said. "Is that so?"

"Yes, it is," the surgeon replied.

"I hear there was a messenger boy with him, who claims to be his nephew?"

"That's right. What about him?"

"I am working for Mr. McCutcheon on a case; trying to find out who wrote him a threatening letter he received. I don't intend to see the old man imposed upon. I don't believe the boy is really his nephew."

"But he must be. Mr. McCutcheon said so to me."

"Perhaps he didn't know what he was talking about. What's the boy's number?"

"111."

"All right; good-by."

And having received this information, Detective Rubenstein abruptly rang off. Now, although he did not mention the fact to Alice or Harry, Old King Brady was told of this conversation when he came to the hospital later in the day. It made a deep impression upon the old detective's mind.

"That boy needs looking after," he thought, so he went to the office on Dearborn street and arranged to engage Charley's services continuously until his case against the bomb throwers was completed, feeling that the boy would be an important witness against the anarchists. But Charley had been sent to Evanston on a message that afternoon. If Old King Brady had gone into details perhaps the manager might have told him that another Secret Service detective had been inquiring for the "Three Ones" over the telephone, and had been informed of this fact. This, however, the old detective failed to learn until later on. Charley attended to the Evanston call. He had been instructed to wait for an answer, and he did so, although it took him nearly two hours to get it. Returning by train, the boy hit the Kinzie street station at six o'clock in the evening when it was dark. As he was passing out on the street a man suddenly came up alongside of him and flashed a Secret Service shield. Charley, who had seen Old King Brady's shield, recognized this.

"Your name is Brown, isn't it?" demanded the man.

"Yes, sir," replied Charley.

"I'm a Secret Service man, working for Old King Brady. Catch on?"

"Yes, sir. What about that?"

"He sent me here to meet you. He wants to see you right away on important business."

"But I can't go. I have to deliver a message over on North Clark street. Besides, I've got to report at the office."

"I've got a cab here," said the man, "and I tell you what you do. Call up your office on the telephone. Tell them you have to go to Old King Brady, and it will be all right. I'll take you out on North Clark street and give you a chance to deliver your message. Then I'll take you to Old King Brady—see?"

It seem straight enough then and it seemed straighter still to Charley when taking the stranger's advice he called up the office, and the manager informed him that Old King Brady had engaged his services and that he must go. This he reported to the Secret Service man, who said: "What did I tell you? I did not seem to be able to make you understand."

But he had not told Charley anything of the sort. So the "Three Ones" got into the cab, along with the man with the Secret Service shield, and, according to the orders given the driver, they were taken to North Clark street, where Charley

delivered his message, the man waiting in the cab.

"Now for Old King Brady," said the Secret Service man when Charley returned.

"Where is he?" asked the messenger boy.

"Out Goose Island way." was the indefinite reply.

They were heading Goose Island way then, and so this seemed all right, too. And now the Secret Service man began to ask questions.

"Say, Old King Brady tells me you're the nephew of old man McCutcheon," he began.

"Yes, sir."

"How are you related to him?"

"He is my mother's brother."

"Is your mother alive?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why don't she go to her brother then, now that he is so sick?"

"Is he so very bad?"

"Sure he is. The doctors say he can't recover."

"They didn't tell me that then. They said to me that he would probably be all right in a few days."

"That was this morning?"

"Yes."

"And you haven't seen him since?"

"No."

"Well, he has grown a whole lot worse since then. But you didn't answer my question about your mother."

"My mother is insane. She is in the Kankakee Asylum."

"Is that so? Hopeless case?"

"I'm afraid it is, sir."

"So! Have you any other relatives on your mother's side except your uncle?"

"Not one."

"Is that so? Then you and your mother will come in for all his dough. He's got a pile of it, boy."

Here it was being thrown at him again!

"I don't know anything about that," replied Charley. "Mebbe he has made a will, leaving it all to some orphan asylum or something."

"Don't you believe anything like that," said the Secret Service man, assuming a wise look. "His kind never make wills. They think they are never going to die. That's the kind of man Old Cutch is. But tell me about this anarchist bomb-throwing business, boy. Old King Brady told me some of it, but I'd like to hear the story again direct from you. Who told you to sneak your uncle out the back way, like you did?"

And never doubting that he was talking to a genuine Secret Service man, Charley promptly replied, "Young King Brady," and went on to tell the story of his adventure in all its details. And so, indeed, the boys was talking to a genuine Secret Service man! But the man happened to be Mr. Charles Rubenstein, of whom our Charley had never even heard! And thus the "Three Ones" let the cat out of the bag. But Charley never dreamed of the mischief he was doing until it was all too late. Meanwhile he had become so much interested in what was transpiring that he forgot to take any particular note of their direction, although he knew generally that it was "out Goose Island way." Suddenly Rubenstein broke off in the middle of a remark against

anarchists in general, and this bunch of bomb throwers in particular, and exclaimed:

"Just look out the window there, boy, and see if you can catch the next street sign. I'm a bit short-sighted. We are taking a thundering long while to get there. It strikes me that this driver of ours may be going wrong."

Charley unsuspiciously obeyed. And that was the time he "got it in the neck," so to speak. For suddenly Rubenstein turned on him. Catching the boy by the throat with his left hand and holding him with a vise-like grip, he clapped a chloroform-saturated rag over Charley's nose and mouth. Realizing, now that it was all too late, something of what he was up against, the messenger boy struggled for all he was worth. It was no use, however. He might as well have butted his head against the rock of Gibraltar as to try to escape from that terrible grip. Then came the dazed feeling, and all was a blur. Next all was as nothing. Next still, Charley awoke to find himself lying in a very small room upon a dirty bed. His limbs were free and his head buzzed horribly.

"What have I done?" thought poor Charley. "Was that man an anarchist? Have I given away Young King Brady and spoiled everything? Oh, what a fool I have been!"

But he need hardly have called himself that. A wiser one than our messenger boy might easily have fallen into a trap, so well devised. Charley lay there until things grew clearer. Then he got up to explore. The room had no artificial light, but enough came in through the window to show Charley in a general way how it was. The window was barred outside and the door was as firm as a rock.

"I'm a prisoner all right," thought Charley. "It's the anarchists, of course, but what in the world do they want of me?"

This he could not guess, unless he had been captured on account of what he had done. Then he began to think of all the questions which had been asked him. Certainly the fake Secret Service man—so Charley now regarded Rubenstein—seemed to know a lot about his uncle and his affairs. Perhaps it was something connected with Old Cutch. Perhaps the old man was dead and he, Charley, was really his heir!

"Perhaps and perhaps," the messenger boy repeated to himself. "I can twist this situation any old way. What I want to do is to get out of this snap if I can."

As the door was locked and the window barred, there remained but one possible way of escape, and that was the chimney. There was a fire-board against it, but no stove. Charley pulled the fire-board away, and striking a match, of which he had plenty, held it up the flue. The draft caught the flame and extinguished it. Charley tried the trick again, and this time with better success. To his immense satisfaction he saw that the flue was but a short one. The stars could be seen twinkling just above. Nor was that all! There were jogs in the rows of brick—he could see them plainly. This was due to the narrowing of the flue as it approached the roof. But as we have found occasion to mention before, Charley was a particularly slim boy. He felt sure that he could get through, for even at

the top this chimney appeared to be wider than most chimneys were.

"I'll make a stab at it anyhow," thought Charley, and he bent his head and stood upright in the flue.

Of course it all had to be done in the dark, but that was nothing. Persistency won out. Charley Brown went up the flue. But when he poked his head out into the open his heart failed him. The roof was not the flat thing covered with gravel that Chicago roofs generally are. It was exceedingly steep, and covered with shingles.

"I shall break my neck if I get down onto that!" thought the messenger boy. "What in the world shall I do?"

CHAPTER XI.—Trapped.

Joe Zin's room was on Clinton street, near Lake, not far from Old Cutch's brass factory. Here Harry went now, and here he had been making the best of the disagreeable necessity of rooming with the anarchist for many days. He hurried upstairs and let himself in with his key. To his relief Joe Zin had not come as yet, nor did he appear to have been there in Harry's absence. Young King Brady lit a cigar and seated himself by the window, prepared for an indefinite wait. It was even possible that the anarchist might not come at all, for when Harry saw Zin at noon he had been drinking heavily, and consequently there was no dependence to be placed upon him. It was half-past seven when Harry hit the room, and it was twenty minutes past eight when heavy footsteps on the stairs announced the coming of his room mate. From the manner in which the fellow walked Harry thought he must be pretty drunk, but when he came into the room he was not much worse than he had been when he looked on Harry at noon.

"Well, so you are here," he said.

"Yes, waiting for you. I thought you were never coming," Harry replied.

"I'm late, I know. I was held up by a feller. Couldn't get here no sooner. Did you sleep yourself out?"

"Oh, yes. I'm all right now. Have a cigar?"

"Well, I don't mind if I do," replied the anarchist, seating himself on the edge of the bed.

He lit up and sat smoking in silence. There was something different about his manner, something peculiar in the way he looked at his room mate. Usually Joe Zin talked all the time, but now Harry found it difficult to make him talk at all. He seemed to have something on his mind.

"What in thunder is the matter with you?" demanded Young King Brady at last. "You're as glum as if you had lost your best friend."

"I have," growled Joe. "I've lost a friend I thought a whole lot of, but never mind that."

"Who is he?"

"Never mind. You don't know him—it's nothing to you."

Later Harry felt that he must have been the friend referred to. The anarchist now pulled himself together with a visible effort.

"Say, Tom," he began. "I'm going to take you right in with us fellows to-night, that is, if you want to have it that way. The capture of Tony Schultz and that Rusky gazabo has left us short handed—see?"

"Well, that's what you have been promising," replied Harry. "You know you told me yesterday that you were going to introduce me to the league."

"Yes, and I'm going to do it to-night. Our scheme against Old Cutch has failed, and all through them Brady detectives. However they got onto our curves I don't know, but they seem to have done it somehow. The league orders is to go for them to-morrow, and you are to help us out. You don't object to that, I suppose?"

"Sure not," replied Harry. "I'll help you out any way I can, Joe."

"Well, all right then. Come along with me," said Joe Zin, rising. "We'll hike over to the North Side, and I'll introduce you to the Anarchists' League."

It seemed like a triumph to Young King Brady then. At the same time he did not altogether like Joe Zin's manner. The man seemed to be casting reproachful looks at him every now and then.

"Can he suspect?" Harry asked himself.

But confident that his disguise had not been penetrated, he did not just see how that could be. He followed Joe Zin over on Milwaukee avenue. As nothing had been said, Harry rather expected to be taken to the anarchists' workshop again, but Joe walked right past it and went up on the next block, where he turned into an alley which is alongside of a small brick building used as a sausage factory, if the sign over the door in front was to be believed. There was a door at the side opening on the alley also, and upon this Joe rapped in a peculiar way. It was evidently a signal, and it was answered by a similar series of raps from within. Then the door was opened and Harry found that he was up against Detective Rubenstein. It was something of a shock. The Secret Service man looked Harry over searchingly as Joe Zin introduced him.

"So this is your friend, Tom Taylor," he said. "It is about time we got better acquainted with him. Come in."

They passed into a lighted room where there was sausage grinding machinery. Here six men stood around. As Harry was to learn afterwards, each one of the six represented a different bunch of anarchists. These were the delegates to the league meeting. But there was a seventh man present. It was Old King Brady in his disguise. To explain the presence of the old detective in the sausage factory it is necessary to go back to Alice. The giant conducted her up Milwaukee avenue a short distance, and then trailed through to the next street. Here he turned into a dark alley, where he paused, and producing a silk handkerchief, made signs that she would have to allow herself to be blindfolded. Alice nodded, and spoke to him in German, but he did not appear to understand. At last they halted, and the giant was heard to rap upon a door. The raps were answered, and the door opening, Alice was drawn inside. The handkerchief was now removed. Alice found herself in a large dimly-lighted room where there was machinery. The place smelled horribly. From appearances Alice judged that it was a sausage factory.

It was the same place to which Joe Zin brought Harry later on. Several foreigners stood about talking. No one paid any attention to Alice.

The giant left the room and presently returning with Rubenstein, Alice was presented to him, and she handed over the decoy letter. Then he questioned Alice as to how she came by it. Her answers appeared to satisfy him well enough.

"This is all right," he said in German, in which language they had been speaking. "I will go and see the gentleman. Meanwhile you stay here."

"Stay here!" exclaimed Alice. "What is that for?"

"Suppose you have fooled me? Suppose this is a track to trap me?" retorted Rubenstein. "How can I tell? It is as I say, you stay here till I return."

Alice protested further, but to no purpose. She was taken to the top floor of the building and locked in a small room where there was not so much as a chair to sit on, and here she was left in the dark. It seemed rather an unsatisfactory turn of affairs. Still Rubenstein was civil enough, though firm in his purpose. He answered Alice that as soon as he returned, if he found everything all straight, she should be set free. He must have made all haste in getting over to Lake street, for shortly after the time he turned the key on Alice, the renegade detective turned up at Steinbach's hotel. Old King Brady was ready for him. As far as he was able to judge, the old detective was entirely successful in deceiving Rubenstein. They talked shop—that is anarchism. Rubenstein spoke freely of the McCutcheon affair. He expressed great sorrow at Schultz's arrest, and was very bitter against the Bradys.

"But we are going to have our revenge, brother," he went on to say. "Would you believe it, when I tell you that Young King Brady has actually worked into our secrets. He has been posing as one of us for the last two weeks. There is no doubt that he is at the bottom of this failure. But to-night we get square with him. To-night the league meets in a sausage factory which belongs to one of our members. Business is dull with the brother, and his place is well insured, so to-night there will be a little explosion in that factory, and when it comes, Young King Brady will be in it. He will never have the chance to play it on us again. But come with me, brother, and you shall see the job pulled off for yourself."

And Old King Brady went. As for his mission," he had already informed Rubenstein that he could not divulge it until he had talked with Anton Schultz. The detective accepted this, and spoke of Schultz as the "president." Old King Brady was satisfied that all was working right when, having been taken over on to Milwaukee avenue, he was conducted up an alley and introduced to the sausage factory without question.

"It is a pity that you can't at least speak German," remarked Rubenstein as they were entering the place. "Our boys are not very heavy on the English, I must admit. Most of them are newcomers in America, but we shall find a few you can talk to. By the way, I held on to that messenger of yours."

"What! How was that?" the old detective demanded.

"Until I could be sure it was all straight," replied Rubenstein. "I have him locked in upstairs now."

"Then I wish you would let him out. I don't want the young man to get into trouble on my account."

"That's all right. There will be no trouble. What's his name?"

"I am sure I don't know. I didn't ask him. Schultz sent him to me, and I took the fellow as I found him."

"I'll talk with him further in a few minutes," said Rubenstein. "Now I want to introduce you to the boys."

This was done, and certainly from the way the old detective was received he had no reason to imagine that anyone suspected him. Nor was this strange. For Old King Brady knows his business, and when it comes to disguising, he is second to no man alive. They were still exchanging compliments when a knocking came on the outside. It proved to be Harry and Joe Zin. Old King Brady had expected it, but he certainly was not prepared for the turn the affair now took. As Harry came in, Rubenstein suddenly raised his hand and shouted something unintelligible. Instantly three men jumped upon the old detective, covering him with cocked revolvers.

At the same time Joe Zin caught Harry by the throat.

"Oh, you dirty traitor," he cried. "I'll fix you for fooling me!"

And he struck Harry violently in the face.

"Ring off on that!" cried Rubenstein; adding:

"And now, Mr. Old King Brady, you see what you are up against. We've got you two, and if I don't mistake, all we have to do to get your she partner is to go upstairs. You wanted to ring in on the Anarchists' League, did you? Well, you have done it. And now prepare to be rung out—out of the world. In a moment there is going to be a little bomb business done in this building, and the Bradys will be on top of the Bombs when they explode."

CHAPTER XII.—Conclusion.

Of course if the Bradys had known about Charley Brown both would have realized that they never had the least chance of fooling Detective Rubenstein from the first. And certainly the Secret Service man managed his end to perfection. Old King Brady was taken all aback; but Harry had been in a way prepared for trouble, owing to the peculiar manner of Joe Zin. But the anxiety both felt on Alice's account was greater than any fears they felt for themselves. And now the Bradys were up against it, and troublous times seemed to be right ahead. The talk was all in some Slav language, Russian, or some dialect of Russian probably. At the revolvers' point the detectives were searched. Then they were tied to one of the iron posts which supported the floor above, back to back. It was not until this was complete that Rubenstein returned to his English again.

"And now for your messenger, Old King Brady," he said. "If it proves to be Alice Montgomery, I really must compliment you and her. I had every reason to suspect when that letter was handed me. Filled with this idea, I looked the bearer over with the greatest care. I sus-

pected that I was dealing with Young King Brady. I never imagined that I might have a woman on my hands until Young King Brady entered here. How is it, old man? Do you intend to put me wise?"

"To traitors, Mr. Rubenstein," replied Old King Brady, "I never have a word to say."

"Suit yourself. We shall soon find out," retorted the renegade, and accompanied by Joe Zin, he left the room.

They were back in a minute in a state of great excitement.

"Why, she's gone, or he's gone!" he exclaimed. "Speak, Brady! Who was your messenger?"

"To Traitors," repeated Old King Brady, "I haven't a word to say!"

Of course Old King Brady could not tell what he did not know, but if he had been following Charley Brown's curves that evening the old detective would have known it all. Charley climbed out of his chimney, and stood on the ridge of the roof. It was a dangerous spot, but Charley was a lightweight and as agile as a cat. He did not feel so much afraid. Over on Milwaukee avenue there were plenty of arc lights in business, and this gave the boy every chance to see where he was at. The building on which he stood was a high, old-fashioned, three story affair. Behind it was a brick extension with a flat roof which came upon a level with the eaves of the higher building.

"Not so bad," thought Charley. "I can slide down this roof on my hunkies, and if I don't slip and roll off the other one I shall be all right."

No sooner said than attempted, and the journey was accomplished with no more mishap than the destruction of the seat of Charley's best trousers, which he had put on in place of the pair he had lost. He landed on the roof with a thump, and getting on his feet, he stood for a moment listening to see if the noise he had made had attracted attention. It did not seem to be so, and Charley's next move was to make for a scuttle which he saw ahead of him. To his immense satisfaction he found that this was not hooked down. He raised it and listened, but could hear no sound. He went to the cornice next and looked down. The building seemed to be some sort of factory. It fronted on an alley, which ran from Milwaukee avenue through to the next street.

"I can get out of here all right," thought Charley, and he returned to the scuttle and started backward down the ladder.

All would doubtless have gone well if it had not happened that one of the rounds of the ladder was missing. Charley was going down with perfect confidence, when suddenly he trod on nothing, and losing his grip, fell sprawling on the floor. He sprang to his feet, not hurt a bit, and as he did so a voice spoke out of the darkness.

"I don't know who you are," it said, "but I'm locked in here. If you haven't broken your neck, I'll be very much obliged if you will help me out."

It was Alice, of course. So perfectly is she able to disguise her voice that Charley never doubted that the speaker was a man. And now for the first time he recollected that he had in his pocket the flashlight Harry had given him.

Out it came, and the light was thrown upon the door of a little room partitioned off in one corner of an empty loft.

"Say, who are you?" called Charley, going to the door. The key was in the lock, but the messenger boy wanted to be a little more certain of his ground before he turned it.

"I am nobody in particular," replied Alice, "but you are Charley Brown."

She had recognized the boy's voice. It was a mistake. Charley's suspicions were aroused by the mention of his name.

"If you are nobody, then stop where you are!" he cried. "I've got all I want to do to look out for myself."

"Wait, Charley. I am Miss Montgomery."

"Thunder! Why didn't you say so in the first place? Say, what do you want to lie to me for? You hain't Miss Montgomery at all!"

For Charley had opened the door while speaking. No wonder he was deceived, if so sharp a man as Detective Rubenstein had been fooled. But Alice soon convinced him, and they exchanged stories.

"We want to get right out of here," she said. "I don't like this turn of affairs. You seem to have given yourself away pretty well."

"I did, and I tell it to you honest, Miss Montgomery, for you ought to know. I never once tumbled until it was too late."

"Come," said Alice. "Never mind about that now. We all make mistakes. Perhaps there is no harm done."

She said it, but she did not believe it, and now she felt that she understood why she had been made a prisoner. They made their way softly to the ground floor. Here light came streaming through the cracks of a partition which cut off a room on one side, and they could hear voices talking.

"Good heavens!" gasped Alice.

For one of the voices was Old King Brady's.

"To traitors, I never have a word to say!"

These were the words. Alice glided to the partition and peered through one of the cracks. She saw enough and heard enough to cause her to pull away on the instant and make for a door which she had already seen. Charley had the door open before she could get there.

"Out of this, quick!" breathed Alice. "The Bradys are in there, prisoners in the hands of the bomb throwers. They are going to blow up this building. If we want to save them there isn't a second to be lost."

They shot out into the alley then and made for Milwaukee avenue.

"Thank heaven Alice has escaped at all events," was the thought which passed through the minds of both detectives as they stood there back to back, tied to the post.

The bomb throwers now got down to business. But there was to be no throwing on this occasion. George Katz was the proprietor of the sausage works, as it afterwards turned out. Perhaps his name had proved a handicap to his business. At all events, George was now gunning for the insurance, and he left the room, returning in a minute with two gas pipe bombs. If Old King Brady had any doubts of their genuineness, then

Harry had none, for the bombs were precisely such as he had helped to make in the anarchists' factory. To these fuses were now attached, and a connecting fuse put between the two. One bomb was placed at Old King Brady's feet, and the other at Harry's. A longer fuse was attached and trailed out in the direction of the door.

"Now, then, Brady, prepare for death!" said Rubenstein. "I should not have interfered with you if you have not interfered with me. As for your partner, I will do him the justice to say that he knows his business. He was never once suspected. It is a shame to deprive the United States Secret Service Bureau of such able assistants, but it has to be done."

Here Rubenstein was cut short in his talk, for Joe Zin lighted the fuse. The Secret Service man turned on him with an angry protest, and stamped it out as the others made for the door. What his intention may have been it is impossible to say—probably to make further talk—for at the same moment the door burst open from without before the anarchists could open it from within. Into the room burst a dozen policemen, with Alice and Charley Brown in their wake. There was lots of loud words and plenty of confusion for the moment. But the police did the business up brown. The bomb throwers were rounded up to a man. The Bradys were released by Alice and Charley, and assisted in the work. It was Old King Brady himself who clapped the bracelets on Rubenstein. And this blow smashed the Anarchists' League. Joe Zin was the informer. He gave the gang away, and as many as twenty more were arrested that day; while the bomb factory was raided and all the stuff captured.

Among those gathered in was the giant "boy slinger," much to Charley's delight. Abtsky, the beer merchant, and his bartender came in with the rest. It was the biggest roundup of anarchists ever made in Chicago. Some had to be set free for lack of evidence, of course. But Rubenstein, Katz, the giant Anton Schultz, the Russian bomb thrower, and others landed in Joliet, where Joe Zin should have gone by rights, but his information won him his freedom.

"Old Cutch" died within a week. He left no will, and Charley's unfortunate mother inherited her brother's millions. Advised by Old King Brady, Charley secured a good lawyer, and the courts appointed a guardian for the boy and a trustee to look after the property. Charley is now at college. His mother is dead. When the "Three Ones" comes of age he will be one of the richest young men in Chicago.

The Bradys used the minutes of the Anarchists' League at the trial, and they proved of great service in securing the conviction. The case, however, was not a profitable one to the detectives. All they got out of it was the usual Secret Service fee. There is no telling what destruction of life and property might have come but for the successful termination of the case of "The Bradys After the Bomb Throwers."

Next week's issue will contain "THE BRADYS AND THE MAN TRAPPERS; or, THE TRAIL OF THE 'SEVEN SEVENS.'"

CURRENT NEWS

THE RAILWAYS OF THE WORLD

The railways of the world had an aggregate length of 748,000 miles in 1920. Of this trackage North and South America had approximately 50 per cent., Europe 30 per cent., Asia 10 per cent., and Australia 3 per cent.

ODD NAME ODDLY WON

The inn known as the "Same Yet," at Prestwich, England, has a curious history. The house originally bore the "Seven Stars," but many years ago it became necessary to have its faded sign repainted. When the painter asked the landlord what he was to put on the board he received the answer: "The same yet," and the man took him at his word.

RECORD LOBSTER REPORTED

One of the largest lobsters caught in local waters in years was brought into the packing house of Erastus Wilbur at Noank, Conn. The lobster weighed 21½ pounds and was caught by McGregor Bros. of Mystic. A few years ago one was brought in by Capt. Walter Rathbun, which weighed 21 pounds.

The crustacean was packed and shipped to F.

C. Walcott of New York, president of the State Fish and Game Commission.

FIND GOLD BURIED ON FARM

When relatives found money sewed up in the clothes of Mrs. John Cassidy, 79 years old, who died on a farm near Porchtown, N. J., three weeks ago apparently in poor circumstances, they began a search of the premises.

It was announced to-day that gold and sums of money have been found buried in various places about the farm. She also had kept secret from her family deposits of nearly \$9,000 in different banks.

LONDON HAS WORLD'S LARGEST RESTAURANT

New York may have the world's largest hotel, but London now lays claim to the world's largest restaurant. Situated just off Piccadilly Circus and called the Corner House, the new restaurant has nine floors and three basements. Its proprietors say that they will be able to serve 4,000 persons simultaneously, employing 900 waitresses for the task, and they expect to serve 10,000,000 meals in the course of a year.

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FOR SALE BY ALL NEWSDEALERS

One Boy Against Many

— OR —

RIGHTING A WRONG

By TOM FOX

(A Serial Story)

CHAPTER X.—(Continued).

"I want to see Toad do up Shepherd first," said Ed stubbornly.

"You'll have the police in here next," whined Ted. "Uncle has forgiven us plenty of things, but you'll see, if we get into the hands of the police, it will be all up with us. No more soft job snaps."

"Have it yer own way," Ed snarled. "Come on, boys, we'll go to Sandy's place; there won't be any mealy-mouths around there playing tricks, and Sneak'll get what's coming to him."

"And ain't I going to get a chance to polish off this sissy?" asked Toad, the cruel-faced boy, sullenly.

"No, we've got other business, 'sides we'll get him some other day." As he spoke, Sandy grabbed Sneak and drew him toward the outer door.

Elisha stepped up to the boys and put his hand on Sandy's.

"You don't take Sneak with you," he said quietly. "You know I can knock out any one of you boys in a fair fight, or all of you, one at a time; or, possibly all of you, all at a time. Of course a free-for-all fight would bring the police, but I'll give it to you if you try to take this lad with you."

"What did I tell you? He's a coward," Ed cried in disgust. "He'd fight just long enough to make a noise and have the police come to his rescue. I know his kind."

"Say," said Sandy suddenly, "I'll let you keep Sneak here with you, and we'll all go away peacefully if you'll stand up to Toad without the gloves."

"I didn't have gloves on when I tapped him before," Elisha said in surprise. He knew that Sandy was thinking up something underhand, but it didn't worry him in the least. He didn't want to fight with the boy, for he knew it would have to be a brutal one. Toad would be on his metal to hold his own before the other boys. Still, Elisha felt that in a way Ned seemed to be afraid of the crowd that had taken possession of their office. He knew the boy's instincts were good, but he had some foolish ideas of manliness.

Elisha wanted to impress Ned with his own strength and fearlessness, hoping that the boy would want to live in the clean way he did when he found out that it gave courage and strength to one. Ned was looking at him now in an odd manner. Elisha would have liked to read his thoughts.

In a moment a ring was formed around the boys, Ed crying out, "No trick now."

Sandy stood ready to give the word to begin.

Both of the boys stood waiting, when suddenly, Toad's left fist shot out murderously. Quicker than the eye could move Elisha grasped the boy's wrist, twisted it until the lad groaned with pain, then unclenched Toad's fingers and drew forth a knife.

"So you thought you could get a thing like that over," he said breathlessly. "Right on top of this building, surrounded by police. You are a clever gang, not! Why, I am from the country, green as grass, but I defy the whole lot of you to get the best of me. You are a lot of dirty cowards. Now get out of here, the whole kit and boodle of you."

"You've got the best of us now, but there's always another time," said Sandy, hastily. He had edged towards the door.

"Say, whenever you want to organize a gang, give me the high sign, and I'll follow you to death," said one of the toughs, an alert, blue-eyed boy with bright red hair, as he left the room with his cronies.

"I'll do that," Elisha said gravely.

"I'm going to drink ginger ale hereafter," said Ned solemnly, when the door had shut on Ed. He had followed the gang out of the room.

"Ginger ale is all right for an occasional drink, but stick to water and milk," Elisha counseled. Suddenly his voice grew stern. "You must tell me about this gang Ed runs with. How deep are you and Ted and Ed in it? Mr. Green told me that things were not going right here. He asked me to keep an eye on things and see if I could find out why. I refused, because spying is not in my nature. But when wickedness plants itself right before me and gives me the 'dare,' that's another thing. I am going to get to the bottom of this."

"Well, I guess what's at the bottom of the whole thing is we have had too much idle time. Uncle Silas is rich and we have sort of imposed ourselves on him. We've got into bad company."

"Is your father a wealthy man?"

"No, he is as poor as Job's proverbial turkey."

"Where did Ed get his machine? Surely he didn't earn the money to pay for it, did he?"

"No; that was the beginning of the trouble. Ed used to invite some of the fellows he met about town up here at the office for a little game of cards. We all played penny-ante at first. It seemed harmless sport. I dropped out; got tired of it. So did Ted drop out; he wasn't a good player either. But Ed stuck."

"Ed plays a good hand at poker. It wasn't long before the boys began dropping in here during office hours, and sometimes they brought some pretty rich fellows with them. Ed and Sandy always had the best luck. They won quite a bunch of money. Ed wanted to quit here and go in for gambling as a living, but Sandy made him stick."

"That's plain," said Elisha finally. "This office makes a nice respectable gambling den. The police would never think of disturbing it. There must be a clever network of thievery and trickery in this big town. Do you think Ed is bad at heart, or is he just weak and easily led?" he asked Ned.

(To be continued)

GOOD READING

SHOT MONKEY-FACED OWL

A monkey-faced owl, rare in that part of the country, was captured by Earl Crawley of Waterloo Township, Indiana, after it had attacked his dogs. Mr. Crawley was forced to shoot to protect his dogs, which were getting the worst of the encounter when he arrived. The shot broke the bird's left leg, but otherwise it was not injured. The owl shows a strong fighting disposition, and no attempt has been made to set its broken leg. It is on display here and probably will be sent to a museum.

BURIAL OF JOHN WILKES BOOTH

E. H. Sampson, Moline, Ill., claims to be the only living man who knew of the burial of John Wilkes Booth. Mr. Sampson, who is now 81 years old, claims to have been a member of the United States Secret Service and was on duty at Ford's Theatre the night Lincoln was shot. He saw Lincoln shot, saw Booth jump to the stage of the theatre and was in the party that pursued him. He saw Booth shot and helped transfer his body to a United States warship, which brought it to Washington. Colonel Baker was instructed by Secretary Stanton as to the matter of burial and its great secrecy. He was ordered to take another man with him on the duty and bury the body between the hours of 10 p. m. and 3 a. m. on the night of April 21, 1865. Sampson took a pledge of secrecy. The body remained in the floor of the armory where it was deposited for some years until Edmund Booth got permission from the Government to disinter it and bury it in the family lot at Baltimore.

LORD'S PRAYER IN SPACE APPROXIMATELY .011 BY .002 OF AN INCH

The Bureau of Standards was recently asked to measure what is probably the smallest piece of engraving on glass in the world. The engraving consists of the Lord's prayer, 57-word version, engraved on glass in a space .001x.002 of an inch. The writing can only be seen under a high-power microscope, the magnification required being from 900 to 1,000 times. The measurements by which the above dimensions were determined were carried out in the laboratories of the Bureau. The extremely small size of this engraving will be realized when it is considered that if a square inch were entirely filled with writing of this size, the entire Bible could be written 25 times in that space—in other words, something over 20,000,000 words could be written in a square inch.

This is certainly a very useless labor, as it has been demonstrated many times that engraving on glass can be carried out on such a small scale. Such painstaking work was quite the rage in the middle of the last century, and many curio collections have shells with the Lord's Prayer engraved upon them, but the work was nothing like as minute as in the case referred to above.

INDIAN HISTORY MAY BE KNOWN

Whether or not the discovery of the tomb of the Egyptian Pharaoh Tutankhamen served as the incentive to archeologists, newspapers have carried numerous stories within the past year of other discoveries that have been made in different parts of the world. Great expectations have been raised in many cases only to collapse when definite information was obtained. The finding of a tomb of what is believed to have been a Munsee Indian near Sloatsburg, N. Y., is one of the recent discoveries. One point of interest in the finding lay in the fact that full war regalia was found in the tomb. It is exceedingly rare that Indian regalia, buried with the chiefs in the East, is preserved. The soil is damp and quickly decays any perishable trinkets or paraphernalia.

Relics believed to be rich in historical interest have also been found recently in a hill section of Kentucky. Skeletons of nine Indians, some of most primitive type and one so ancient that the bones crumbled when exposed to the air, were included in the discovery. It is hoped that considerable knowledge of the prehistoric inhabitants of Kentucky may be obtained. Scientists believe that the findings indicate that some strange prehistoric type of "little people" occupied the caves of the Kentucky mountains centuries ago.

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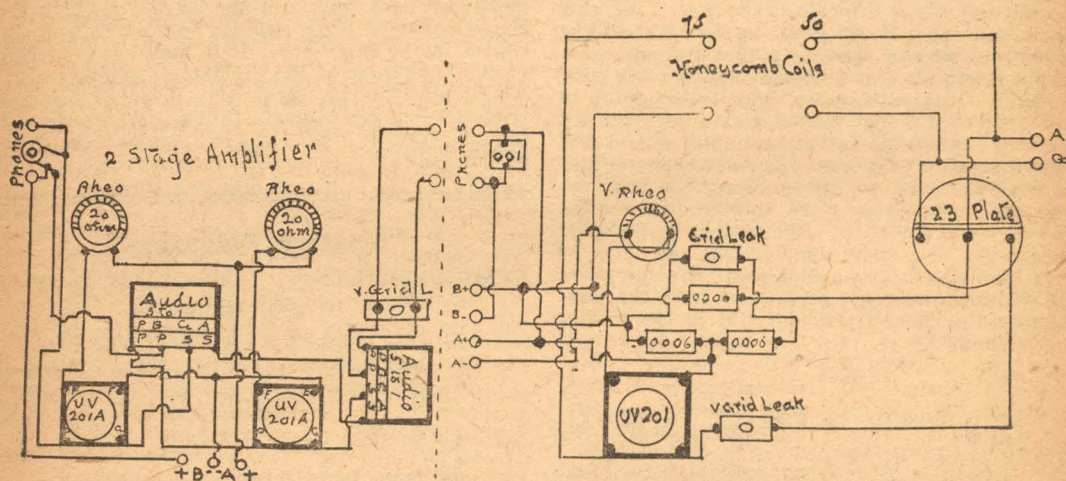
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INTERESTING RADIO NEWS AND HINTS

FLEWELLING RECEIVER AND AMPLIFIER

The wiring diagram below is very easy to understand. It is drawn as if the front panel and the baseboard were laid flat, edge to edge, and you were looking at the wiring from behind the radio. If you fold the diagram in two, lengthwise, lay the rear part flat, and stand the other half, containing the rheostats, up straight at an angle with the baseboard, you will see just how it would look when completed. Nearly every instrument is marked so you will know what it is. Each dot means a place where one wire is soldered to another, or is fastened by a nut to a binding-post, or to a screw terminal. Each line means a piece of tinned copper wire running from one point to another. It is all very plain, for where the wires cross each other, and are

it will be necessary to add more battery to get louder sounds. This means the usual 6-volt battery for the lamps. Two 45-volt "B" batteries are needed for power. It will be noticed that the rear of the four battery binding-posts on the receiver are on one side, one above the other. Further above them are the two phone post screws. But the battery binding-posts on the amplifier are set at the back of the baseboard. It is better to keep the wires at the rear, as they are a nuisance at the front. If you prefer to have the receiver battery wires at the rear it is easy to swing them to the back, and omit drilling post holes for them on your panel. The same 6-volt battery can be used for both receiver and amplifier, but you will have to connect one 45-volt "B" battery to the receiver and another to the amplifier. Perhaps 22½ volts will do for your receiver. In that case they can be tapped off the 45-volt battery.



Flewelling Receiver and Amplifier

not to be joined, there is a little loop jumping over the underlying wire. In a former issue of this publication we had a worded description of this circuit which might help you. It was in the June 22d edition. In addition to the receiving set we have also given a plan to build an amplifier. It is the small drawing on the left-hand side of the upright dotted line. After you build the receiver and use it a while you may want to get louder signals. Then you will need the amplifier. When built it is placed on your right-hand side, facing the receiver, and the two are connected together with two pieces of copper wire at the binding-posts where the phones go, on the receiver, and the two input binding-posts stand on the amplifier panel. If it does not work well one end of each of these wires should be reversed on the binding-posts so they will cross each other. Then you will have to attach your phones or a horn to the binding-posts at the extreme right of the amplifier. Of course

When hooking up the set it is best to cover all your wiring with spaghetti, use as little flux as you can when soldering, and wipe off the joints with alcohol to prevent corrosion. It is also a good plan to varnish the baseboard, as wood holds moisture, and might cause leakage of electricity from the wires and instruments.

To build the receiver you need:

- 1 Baseboard, size 9x6 inches.
- 1 Bakelite or rubber panel, size 6x10 inches.
- 1 Sheet tissue copper, to shield back of panel.
- 1 Venier variable condenser, 23 plates.
- 1 Honeycomb coil rack.
- 1 Honeycomb coil, 50 turns.
- 1 Honeycomb coil, 75 turns.
- 1 Rheostat, about 8 ohms.
- 1 U. V.-201 lamp.
- 1 Lamp socket.
- 3 Condensers .0006 m. f.
- 1 Variable gridleak with a .00025 condenser.
- 1 Plain variable gridleak.

- 1 .001 condenser for phones.
 - 1 Single circuit jack.
 - 13 Binding-posts.
- A few lengths of bus bar and an equal amount of spaghetti.

The articles required to build the amplifier are:

- 1 Panel, size 6x10 inches.
- 1 Baseboard, size 6x9 inches.
- 2 20-ohm rheostats.
- 2 5 to 1 audi-frequency transformers.
- 2 Lamp sockets.
- 2 U. V. No 201A lamps for amplifying.
- 1 Variable gridleak and condenser combined.
- 7 Binding-posts.

Busbar and spaghetti for wiring and shellac to stick the copper shielding to the back of the panel.

The diagram shows you how all the instruments are placed and how they are wired together. When fastening the three 0006 condensers to the baseboard of the receiver it is a trouble saver to use double binding-posts, as you can then wire the condensers together more easily and connect the other leads to them. Be sure to solder the two wires from the gridleak to each side of the single condenser, instead of looping over, as the leak and three fixed condensers must all be joined by wires. A one-half inch hole is drilled in the panel to let in the four flexible leads from the two honeycomb coils. If you prefer the ground and aerial binding-posts at the rear of the set, the leads can be changed to the rear of the baseboard, too. When the set is placed in a cabinet holes can be drilled in the back, opposite each binding-post, and the battery, aerial and ground wires can be brought in and fastened to the posts.

Should you use the receiver alone, you will need a 6-volt battery for the lamp and from 45 up to 90 volts of "B" battery. Be careful not to connect the "B" battery wires to the "A" battery terminals or you will burn out your lamp. If you use the amplifier you can connect the lamps to the same "A" battery you are using for the receiver, as we explained before, but you will need another "B" battery of from 22½ to 45 volts, which increases the reception of sound. You will get better results if you use the best materials in constructing your set, and poor results if you use cheap, trashy instruments, or put the radio together in a slipshod manner. Take your time. Don't hurry when building it. This is what experts call a regenerative set, and it howls and squeals furiously when you tune it with the variable condenser, or by moving the honeycomb coils. But once you tune out the howling and tune in a station, its signals are nice, clear, loud and free from distortion. It is also easy to get rid of the interference of wireless telegraphy with this set. Its volume of sound from nearby stations is marvelous, and enthusiastic radio fans report that under good conditions they are picking up many far distant stations. On account of its clarity and huge volume the writer considers this set one of the cheapest to build and one of the best sets ever invented.

It will be noticed that a variable gridleak is shunted across the input wires of the amplifier. It is there to stabilize the set, but it is not ab-

solutely necessary with some amplifiers. A jack has been introduced at the output terminals to the amplifier in case you wish to use a plug for your phones, or a loud speaker. Each audio-frequency amplifier is of the same ratio, 5 to 1, and the Acme type are marked as indicated in the diagram. When wiring the set keep all the grid connections as short as possible; do not run wires closer than half an inch of each other, and if possible keep as many as you can at right angles with each other. The amplifiers are set at an angle in relation to one another to prevent howling, distortion and loss of current. It is not necessary to paste copper tissue on the back of the amplifier panel, but it must be done on the back of the receiver panel to shield the instruments. The foil is cut away one-quarter of an inch around where the instruments press against the panel, except where the ground binding-post sets. This post must connect with the copper. It costs about \$15 to \$20 to build the receiver and about \$15 for the amplifier.

The face of the panel shows the ground, and aerial binding-posts on the left hand side of the front, the battery posts at the right, a dial for the variable condenser, the rheostat knob and the two honeycomb coils in their rack. Inside the cabinet are the variable condenser, the rheostat and lead-in wires from the honeycomb coils. The lamp sockets, fixed condenser and gridleaks are fastened to the baseboard. The face of the amplifier shows the two input binding-posts, two phone posts and jack, two rheostat knobs and the variable gridleak. Inside the cabinet are the two transformers and two lamps sockets fastened to the baseboard, connected up with the wiring.

The next issue of this weekly will contain full directions for building a Reinartz receiver and amplifier. This set is considered one of the finest radios made for long distance as well as for local reception.

THE NEW WAVE LENGTH

It has been an active month for radio. Several weeks of operation under the new wave length plan, which went into effect May 15, indicates that the ether lanes have not been vibrated to a limit. The success of the system shows that there will be room to expand for a long time to come.

Much of the interference which prevailed in the air during the last month has disappeared and few report difficulty in tuning in the new wave band ranging from 222 to 545 meters. In New York three of the most powerful stations in the country are operating at the same time without the slightest conflict of waves. Reports from Philadelphia, where four stations are broadcasting, indicate that listeners are delighted with the new arrangement. Radio Inspector Batcheller of the New York District reports from his observations that everyone seems to enjoy the greater choice of program.

No longer will it be necessary for a big station to stop broadcasting in the middle of a banquet, opera or concert in order not to encroach on the time of another station in the same district. Under the new method even the low-powered stations are "on the air" practically as long as they wish, without causing interference with each other or the larger stations.

SECRET SERVICE

NEW YORK, AUGUST 24, 1923

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

A CLIMBING WHEELBARROW

In China there is a wheelbarrow which climbs stairs. Some distance ahead of the regular wheel there is another smaller one. In climbing over flagstone steps or bridges the handles of the barrow are lowered until the auxiliary wheel rises above the next higher step. Then the wheelbarrow, which often carries as much as 400 pounds, see-saws from wheel to wheel until the next level stretch of flagstones is reached.

SIOUX SUE FOR MILLIONS

Several million dollars are involved in a suit to be brought against the Federal Government by the Yankton Sioux Indians, according to Alfred C. Smith of Wagner, a representative of the tribe.

The claim is put forward, according to Smith, that the Yankton Sioux ceded territory to the United States in 1851 and 1858, but that no considerations ever were received in return for these cessions. Included among areas is believed to be the site of Sioux Falls, as well as the rich quarrying sections near Pipestone, Minn.

A DOG'S FIDELITY

A dog that walked herself to death to get her puppies back home—this is France's contribution to the stories of animal fidelity. The owner of the dog drove to a woods, ten miles away, and when he was about to return saw that his dog, which he had taken along, had given birth to three puppies. He placed the mother in the cart and drove back home, leaving the puppies behind. During the night the dog made the journey from the farm to the forest, a puppy in her mouth each trip, thus covering more than sixty miles. In the morning the farmer found her dead from exhaustion, her three little ones at her side.

TORTURED FOR BEAUTY

Parisianes are going to such lengths to achieve beauty—as quite to put in the shade the painful operation of "dimpling" (making a hole in the chin by means of a drugged needle).

Many women think nothing of having their noses broken and reset in a different shape, says a Paris correspondent. Others actually have the eyebrows moved upward or downward, as the fancy dictates. This necessitates a complete removal of the hair and either a false and forced growth in a different position or makeup.

One beauty expert, who undertakes to change the form of a woman's lips, has performed many operations. His latest experiment is to make the upper lip turn up, giving it an alluring pout.

To do this he stretches a thin hair from the upper lip to the tip of the nose. This effect, naturally, is limited to actresses, who use it on the stage only.

Some fashionable women are being laughed at for their insistence on having their cosmetics flavored. One has her lip-rouge tasting of banana.

LAUGHS

Inquiring Stranger—Can you tell me what those carvings on the station are for? Ticket Agent—Certainly, sir. So that people when they have nothing else to do can ask about them.

Mrs. Hiflier—I discharged the footman to-day, Henry Mr. Hiflier—What for, my dear? Mrs. Hiflier—Because the brutal fellow washed our dear little Fido with common soap instead of scented soap

Lady—Sir, you should introduce a little change in your style of dancing. Gent—How do you mean, mademoiselle? Lady—You might occasionally step on my left foot; the right one is nearly smashed.

(In the restaurant.) "Here, waiter; here is a quarter for you. And just tell me now what you conscientiously recommend to me." Waiter—Thanks. If you want anything good, sir, go to some other restaurant.

"Do you think your father loves me, Mamie?" "I am sure he does." "What makes you sure?" "Because it was only yesterday he asked me when you and I were going to be married, as he wanted to live with us."

"I wish to say to my congregation," said the minister, "that the pulpit is not responsible for the error of the printer on the tickets for concert in the Sunday-school room. The concert is for the benefit of the arch fund, not the arch fiend. We will now sing hymn six, 'To Err Is Human, To Forgive Divine.'"

Bobby (at the breakfast table)—Clara, did Mr. Spooner take any of the umbrellas or hats from the hall last night? Clara—Why, of course not. Why should he? Bobby—That's what I'd like to know. I thought he did, 'cos I heard him say when he was going out, 'I'm going to steal just one,' and— Why, what's the matter, Clara?

INTERESTING NEWS ARTICLES

3,500 POUNDS OF SHARKS TRAPPED

Huge man-eating sharks have put in an appearance in the waters of Vineyard Sound and Buzzards Bay.

Many bathers have been frightened by the sight of dorsal fins cutting the surface close to shore. Some of the fish that have caused alarm are said by old salts to have been porpoises and other sand sharks.

The fact that sharks were in the vicinity of Cape Cod has been substantiated by the catch of six huge sharks averaging eight feet in length and weighing altogether 3,500 pounds. The sharks were caught off Horseshoe Shoals, twenty miles from Hyannis, and were pulled in on manila lines and a chain with a big baited hook.

The sea wolves put up a tremendous struggle and lashed the sea to fury with their tails.

HOW CARRIER PIGEONS FIND THEIR WAY HOME

A British Royal Air Force pigeon released from a balloon a mile and a half above the ground, was unable to see the earth below on account of a thick blanket of clouds. After flying around for some little time the bird gave up all hope of finding its way back to its home, some 150 miles away, and settled down comfortably on the balloon, much as Noah's dove settled on the ark when it could find no place to rest on account of the waters.

The pigeon, however, had better luck than Noah's dove. After a time a rift appeared in the clouds, and the bird swooped from the balloon through the gap in the vapor, and two hours later had delivered the message tied to its leg.

This incident proves that a pigeon finds its way home by sight, not by instinct, as many have thought.

THE MOTOR'S BATH

Almost everything that concerns a car has been improved upon; but the washing job, which is the dirtiest, takes the most time, and raises havoc with the paint on the running gear, is usually performed in the same old way. Now, however, a motor bath, which eliminates these many disadvantages, has been invented and constructed abroad.

The first motor bath is made of concrete, the bottom varies in depth from 5 inches at the edge to 17 inches near the centre. The car-owner wishing to have his car washed pays a small admission fee to the attendant, who straps a rubber cover over the radiator and the owner drives his car in and around the bowl until he is satisfied that the mud has been cleaned from the chassis and wheels. The corrugation at the bottom of the bowl-like bath produces a vibration sufficient to shake off the mud as the water loosens it. At the exit door there is a spray with forced water which cleans the body and any other slush still sticking beneath the wheels. An electric dryer completes the job.

THE MOUNTAIN MEADOWS MASSACRE

The Mountain Meadow massacre, in American history, was the massacre of about 140 emigrants in the Mountain Meadows Valley, about 350 miles south of Salt Lake City. The emigrants were from Arkansas and Missouri. They had been refused food everywhere, until they reached the valley, where they camped, September 7, 1857. They were fired upon by Indians. Some historians state that disguised Mormons were the attacking party. The emigrants withstood the siege, until September 11, when on the promise of protection by John D. Lee, a Mormon Bishop and Indian agent, they left the shelter of the wagons. All adults and children more than 7 years old were killed. Seventeen young children were distributed among the Mormon families, but afterward were restored to relatives by the Government. Lee was put to death for his crime. A short time previous to the massacre Brigham Young, then head of the Mormon Church, had announced that "no persons shall be allowed to pass or repossess into or through this territory without a permit from a proper officer."

WEALTH IN COMMONPLACE THINGS

Men's imaginations have been fired with tales of sensational finds of gold deposits and thousands of people have dropped their work and family ties and have set out for the newly discovered gold fields in the hope of getting rich. Little do these same people think of the worth of minerals which, if not gold, are worth gold if worked. England is especially rich in ballast pits, where a gravelly substance used for making roads and bedding for railroads is extracted. One of these pits is credited with having made a profit of many hundreds a week for three years on a single contract. This pit has been well developed and new ones are being opened near. Real estate agents do not forget to advertise the fact that ballast pits lie under some estates advertised for sale in the neighborhood.

Clay is a very valuable mineral, and in many parts of the United States it is extracted at a very good profit. Certain kinds of clay make excellent building bricks and fire bricks while other kinds go into pottery and china. Two of our most valuable natural products are chalk and building stone. These have been worked for many years because their value was recognized long ago. But some of our other minerals have only been tapped recently. In South Gloucestershire and North Somerset, England, there are considerable quantities of ochre, a clay which must be dried, ground and mixed with oil. Fuller's earth is another very valuable substance.

Gypsum is found as a soft white rock and is used for many purposes. Plaster of paris, cements and fertilizers are made from it and it also forms the basis for paints. In the aggregate all of these minerals are worth hundreds of thousands of dollars a year.

HERE AND THERE

A \$650 PINE-KNOT

Perhaps the most valuable piece of wood ever discovered was recently sold for \$650 by a Louisiana lumberjack to a travelling showman.

This wonderful freak of nature was discovered in an old pine tree. It is nothing more than an ordinary knot of the variety often met while chopping off your firewood. Yet this extraordinary object d'art is an exception, for it represents a perfect meteor-like appearance, often mistaken for a piece of congealed molasses or the photograph of the moon's face.

CAPITOL GUIDES HAVING MONOPOLY

That guides in the United States Capitol are in clover, was proven by a Washington newspaper recently.

It found that sightseeing by tourists is monopolized by a "guide trust." A reporter and a party of fake tourists tried to go through the big building with a guide they had hired outside. When the chief of the Capitol guides stopped them and said the outsider could not accompany them, or remain in the building, even though they had hired him to show them all over Washington, they protested that to employ another at 25 cents for each person in the party would be too much.

This being of no avail they demanded to be taken to the Senate Sergeant-at-Arms. There they found that higher-ups confirmed the chief guide, viz., that there is in fact a rule promulgated by the Capitol Police Board, including Senate and House Sergeants-at-Arms and the architect, against outside guides going through the building.

Hundreds of visitors go to the Capitol every day. In less than one hour three guides escorted 125 persons, which netted them \$31.25 or more than \$10 each.

DEMAGNETIZING WATCHES

Very often an electrician or an engineer or even a visitor to an electric light plant discovers after a few days that his watch is losing half an hour a day or more from becoming magnetized by the dynamos. In the newer stations where the most modern machines are used there is not so much danger from these "stary" magnetic fields as there is around older types of machines.

The apparatus used by jewelers for correcting this trouble consists of an elliptical piece of soft iron with a hole in the center large enough to permit the watch to be inserted. Over the iron are wound a number of layers of fine insulated wire. Alternating current is sent through the wire, and if there is none handy an additional device known as a polarity charger must be used with direct current.

With very little trouble and no expense whatever any one may demagnetize his own watch by a simpler method. Take a heavy thread or a light string about two feet long and tie the ring of the watch to it. Hold the string by one end and turn the watch around until the string is twisted about

fifty turns. Allow the string to unwind, and as the watch revolves pass it slowly back and forth about two inches above the fields of a motor or dynamo not smaller than a quarter horse power while the machine is running.

RAPID MANUFACTURE OF PAPER BARRELS

A new paper-barrel machine is claimed to offer great possibilities in the production of containers. Though made of paper, its product is light, strong and durable, and can be made rapidly in a great variety of shapes. The machine consists essentially of a cylinder in two parts, which can be separated to produce barrels of different shapes and the two halves are rotated together on a horizontal axis.

Tough "chip board" paper from a roll, passing through tension rollers and an adhesive coating device, is wound tightly on the cylinder in a predetermined number of layers. The depth of the barrel is adjusted by the separation of the cylinder halves. When the required thickness has been laid on, a sitting wheel divides the paper into two equal portions, which are drawn apart, and the middle receives an additional winding to form the bilge. It is stated that the usual form can be produced at the rate of a barrel a minute.

Water-glass, or silicate of soda, which sets so quickly that the barrels are ready for immediate use, is the usual adhesive; and for liquids a special neutral coating is applied inside to prevent corrosion. Wooden heads are commonly provided.

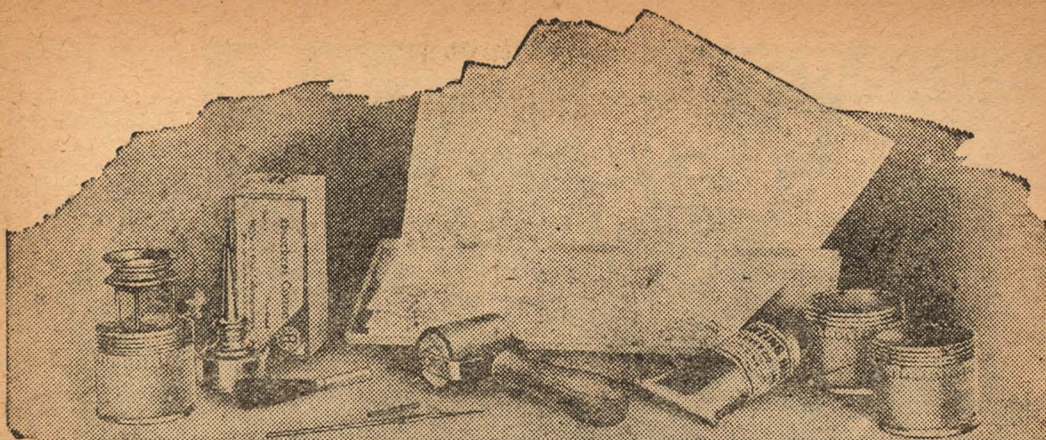
NEW COUNTERFEIT NOTES

Through the Federal Reserve Bank of New York the Treasury Department has issued a general warning against three new counterfeit Federal Reserve notes. The counterfeits are in \$5, \$10 and \$20 denominations.

The \$20 note is of the series of 1914, with a portrait of Cleveland, issued on the Federal Reserve Bank of Chicago. It is printed from photo-etched plates on two pieces of paper—the face of the note on thin paper, the back on heavier paper, with silk fiber between. The coloring, the seal and the number of the note is good and the note is described as very deceptive. Both the face and the back are shorter than the genuine.

The \$10 counterfeit is on the Federal Reserve Bank of Boston. It is printed on two pieces of paper with coarse fiber between. The workmanship is crude and should deceive no one accustomed to handling money.

The \$5 note is a particularly deceptive specimen. Printed on two pieces of thin paper with silk fiber between, the coloring, seal and numbering are all good. The most noticeable defect is the portrait of Lincoln, in which the eyes have a particularly unlikelike expression. The ear also is too flat and of an unnatural appearance. The note is on the Federal Reserve Bank of Philadelphia.



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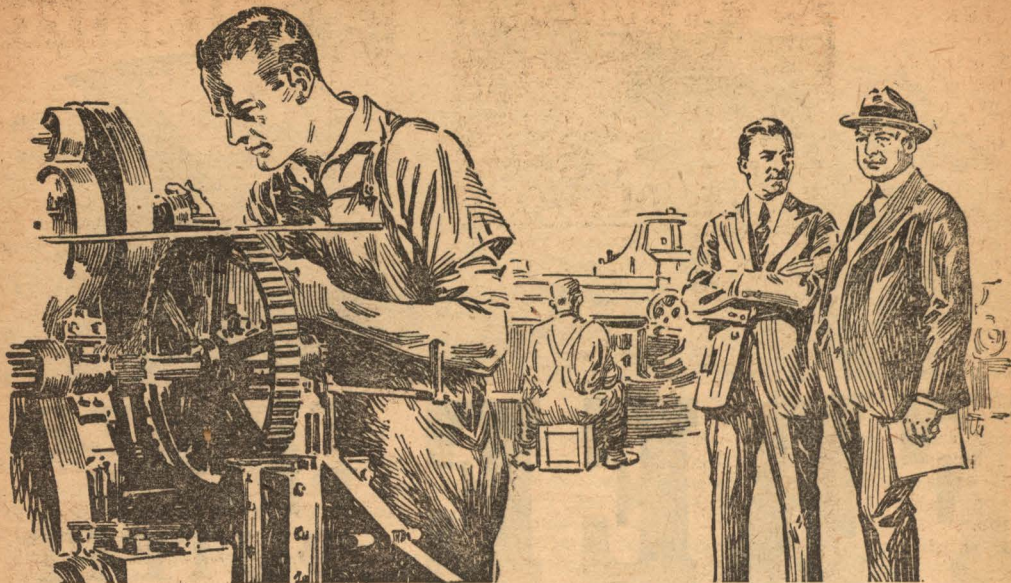
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Address.....

City.....State.....



“He’s Already Patented Four Inventions”

“**F**UNNY thing, too When he first came here he was just an ordinary worker. For a time, when things were slack, I even thought that we might have to let him go.

“Then, gradually, I noticed an improvement in his work. He seemed to really understand what he was doing.

“One day he came into my office and said he had worked out a new arm for the automatic feeder. I was a little skeptical at first, but when he started explaining to me, I could see that he had really discovered something. And when I started questioning him, I was amazed. He certainly did know what he was talking about.

“So we sat down and talked for over an hour. Finally, I asked him where he had learned so much about his work. He smiled and took a little book from his pocket.

“There’s no secret about it,” he said. “The answer’s right here. Four months ago I saw one of those advertisements of the International Correspondence Schools. I had been seeing them for years, but this time something inside of

me said, *Send in that coupon.* It was the best move I ever made—I knew it the minute I started my first lesson. Before, I had been working in a sort of mental fog—just an automatic part of the machine in front of me. But the I. C. S. taught me to really understand what I was doing.”

“Well, that was just a start. Three times since he has come to me with improvements on our machines—improvements that are being adopted in other plants and on which he receives a royalty. He is certainly a splendid example of the practical value and thoroughness of I. C. S. training.”

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These inventors and many others once studied with the I. C. S.

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Vice-president of Packard Motor Car Co., inventor of the Packard Twin-Six and co-inventor of the Liberty Motor.

JOHN C. WAHL
First vice-president of The Wahl Co., inventor of the Wahl Adding Machine, the Eversharp Pencil and the Wahl Fountain Pen.

W. J. LILLY
Inventor of the Lilly Mine Hoist Controller.

H. E. DOERR
Chief Mechanical Engineer, Scullin Steel Co., St. Louis.

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Without cost or obligation on my part, please tell me how I can qualify for the position or in the subject before which I have marked an X in the list below:—

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- ☐ Gas Engine Operating
- ☐ Airplane Engines
- ☐ Radio
- ☐ Electrical Engineering
- ☐ Electric Lighting
- ☐ Mechanical Engineer
- ☐ Mechanical Draftsman
- ☐ Machine Shop Practice
- ☐ Railroad Positions

- ☐ Civil Engineer
- ☐ Surveying and Mapping
- ☐ Mine Foreman or Engineer
- ☐ Marine Engineer
- ☐ Architect
- ☐ Contractor and Builder
- ☐ Architectural Draftsman
- ☐ Structural Engineer
- ☐ Chemistry
- ☐ Pharmacy

- ☐ Business Management
- ☐ Industrial Management
- ☐ Traffic Management
- ☐ Business Law
- ☐ Banking and Banking Law
- ☐ Accountancy (including C.P.A.)
- ☐ Nicholson Cost Accounting
- ☐ Bookkeeping
- ☐ Business English
- ☐ Business Spanish

- ☐ Salesmanship
- ☐ Advertising
- ☐ Stenography and Typing
- ☐ Teacher
- ☐ Civil Service
- ☐ Railway Mail Clerk
- ☐ Common School Subjects
- ☐ High School Subjects
- ☐ Illustrating
- ☐ French

Name..... Street Address.....

City..... State..... Occupation.....

Persons residing in Canada should send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada.

A RIVAL TO TEA

A new drink called "cassina" may give tea a run, according to the *Scientific American*. It is brewed after the manner of tea, from the leaves of the cassina shrub, which grows abundantly along the South Atlantic and Gulf States. The average of all analyses of cassina made by the bureau showed a content of 1 per cent. of caffeine and some samples ran as high as 1.65 per cent. The highest amount found in coffee is given as 1.80 per cent., and for tea the percentage runs as high as 3.50. About a year ago Congress appropriated \$5,000 for the investigation of the possibilities of the cassina plant. The Bureau of Chemistry, using this money and a lot of old tea manufacturing machinery which had been used in the Government's long and futile attempts to grow tea at a reasonable cost in this country set up an experimental station for the manufacture of cassina near Charleston, S. C. The shrub grew wild in the vicinity, and the bureau's experiments hinged largely about the manufacture from its tea leaves of a product from which the caffeine-containing drink could be brewed economically.

\$3¹⁵ no more to pay!

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